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MS OF

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

EDITED BY

PARKE GODWIN

THE
LIFE AND WORKS
OF
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

VOL. IV.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

EDITED BY
PARKE GODWIN.

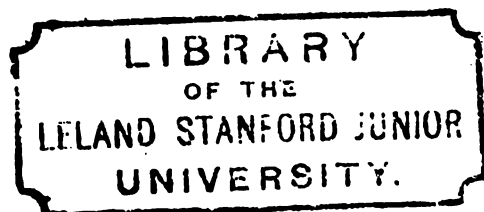
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Part Third.

L A T E R P O E M S :

OR,

FROM A. D. 1845 TO A. D. 1876.

J

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

OH silvery streamlet of the fields,
That flowest full and free,
For thee the rains of spring return,
The summer dews for thee;
And when thy latest blossoms die
In autumn's chilly showers,
The winter fountains gush for thee,
Till May brings back the flowers.

Oh Stream of Life! the violet springs
But once beside thy bed;
But one brief summer, on thy path,
The dews of heaven are shed.
Thy parent fountains shrink away,
And close their crystal veins,
And where thy glittering current flowed
The dust alone remains.

Roslyn, 1845.

"Graham's Magazine," July, 1845.



J
THE UNKNOWN WAY.

A BURNING sky is o'er me,
The sands beneath me glow,
As onward, onward, wearily,
In the sultry morn I go.

From the dusty path there opens,
Eastward, an unknown way ;
Above its windings, pleasantly,
The woodland branches play.

A silvery brook comes stealingⁿ
From the shadow of its trees,
Where slender herbs of the forest stoop
Before the entering breeze.

Along those pleasant windings
I would my journey lay,
Where the shade is cool and the dew of night
Is not yet dried away.



Path of the flowery woodland!
 Oh whither dost thou lead,
 Wandering by grassy orchard-grounds,
 Or by the open mead?

Goest thou by nestling cottage?
 Goest thou by stately hall,
 Where the broad elm droops, a leafy dome,
 And woodbines flaunt on the wall?

By steeps where children gather
 Flowers of the yet fresh year?
 By lonely walks where lovers stray
 Till the tender stars appear?

Or haply dost thou linger
 On barren plains and bare,
 Or clamber the bald mountain-side
 Into the thinner air?—

Where they who journey upward
 Walk in a weary track,
 And oft upon the shady vale
 With longing eyes look back?

I hear a solemn murmur,
 And, listening to the sound,
 I know the  ty Sea,
 Beating 

Dost thou, oh path of the woodland !
End where those waters roar,
Like human life, on a trackless beach,
With a boundless Sea before ?

Roslyn, 1845.

"Graham's Magazine," December, 1846.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

A MIGHTY realm is the Land of Dreams,
With steeps that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams,
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,
From their bowers of light, to that bordering land,
And walk in the fainter glory there,
With the souls of the living hand in hand.

One calm sweet smile, in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear—
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day
 And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
 The Land of Dreams goes stretching away
 To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,
 . There walk the specters of guilty fear,
 And soft low voices, that float through the night,
 Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
 Scarce weaned from the love of childish play!
 The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower
 That freshens the blooms of early May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
 Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,
 And I know, by thy moving lips, that now
 Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet!
 O keep where that beam of Paradise falls:
 And only wander where thou mayst meet
 The blessed ones from its shining walls!

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,
 With love and peace to this world of strife:
 And the light which over that border streams
 Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

New York, 1846.

"Graham's Magazine," January, 1847.

“OH MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE.”

O H mother of a mighty race,
 Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
 The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
 Admire and hate thy blooming years.
 With words of shame
 And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
 That tints thy morning hills with red;
 Thy step—the wild-deer’s rustling feet
 Within thy woods are not more fleet;
 Thy hopeful eye
 Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,
 While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
 They do not know how loved thou art,
 How many a fond and fearless heart
 Would rise to throw
 Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
 What virtues with thy children bide;
 How true, how good, thy graceful maids
 Make bright, like flowers, the valley-shades;
 What generous men
 Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;—

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
 By thy lone rivers of the West;
 How faith is kept, and truth revered,
 And man is loved, and God is feared,
 In woodland homes,
 And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates and rest
 For Earth's down-trodden and opprest,
 A shelter for the hunted head,
 For the starved laborer toil and bread.
 Power, at thy bounds,
 Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother! on thy brow
 Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
 Deep in the brightness of the skies
 The thronging years in glory rise,
 And, as they fleet,
 Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
 Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

New York, 1846.

"Graham's Magazine," July, 1847.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.
 Cleave the tough greensward with the
 spade ;
 Wide let its hollow bed be made ;
 There gently lay the roots, and there
 Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
 And press it o'er them tenderly,
 As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
 We softly fold the cradle-sheet ;
 So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
 Buds, which the breath of summer days
 Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;
 Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
 Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest ;
 We plant, upon the sunny lea,
 A shadow for the noontide hour,
 A shelter from the summer shower,
 When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
 To load the May-wind's restless wings,
 When, from the orchard-row, he pours
 Its fragrance through our open doors;

A world of blossoms for the bee,
 Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
 For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
 We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
 Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
 And redden in the August noon,
 And drop, when gentle airs come by,
 That fan the blue September sky,

While children come, with cries of glee,
 And seek them where the fragrant grass
 Betrays their bed to those who pass,
 At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
 The winter stars are quivering bright,
 And winds go howling through the night,
 Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
 Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,

And guests in prouder homes shall see,
 Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
 And golden orange of the line,
 The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
 Winds and our flag of stripe and star
 Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
 Where men shall wonder at the view,
 And ask in what fair groves they grew;
 And sojourners beyond the sea
 Shall think of childhood's careless day,
 And long, long hours of summer play,
 In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
 A broader flush of roseate bloom,
 A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
 And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
 The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
 Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
 The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
 In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
 Oh, when its aged branches throw
 Thin shadows on the ground below,
 Shall fraud and force and iron will
 Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
 Of those who live when length of years
 Is wasting this little apple-tree?

“Who planted this old apple-tree?”
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
“A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
’Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple-tree.”

Roslyn, 1849.

“Atlantic Monthly,” January, 1864.

"THE MAY SUN SHEDS AN AMBER
LIGHT."

THE May sun sheds an amber light
On new-leaved woods and lawns between;
But she who, with a smile more bright,
Welcomed and watched the springing green,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

The fair white blossoms of the wood
In groups beside the pathway stand;
But one, the gentle and the good,
Who cropped them with a fairer hand,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

Upon the woodland's morning airs
The small birds' mingled notes are flung;
But she, whose voice, more sweet than theirs,
Once bade me listen while they sung,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

That music of the early year
Brings tears of anguish to my eyes;
My heart aches when the flowers appear;
For then I think of her who lies
Within her grave,
Low in her grave.

New York, 1849.

"Knickerbocker Magazine," May, 1852.

THE BURIAL OF LOVE.

TWO dark-eyed maids, at shut of day,
 Sat where a river rolled away,
 With calm sad brows and raven hair,
 And one was pale and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers unblown,
 Bring forest-blooms of name unknown ;
 Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,
 To strew the bier of Love, the child.

Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,
 His eyes, that death may seem like sleep,
 And fold his hands in sign of rest,
 His waxen hands, across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide,
 Where star-flowers strew the rivulet's side,
 And bluebirds in the misty spring
 Of cloudless skies and summer sing.

Place near him, as ye lay him low,
 His idle shafts, his loosened bow,
 The silken fillet that around
 His waggish eyes in sport he wound.

But we shall mourn him long, and miss
 His ready smile, his ready kiss,
 The patter of his little feet,
 Sweet frowns and stammered phrases sweet ;

And graver looks, serene and high,
 A light of heaven in that young eye,
 All these shall haunt us till the heart
 Shall ache and ache—and tears will start.

The bow, the band shall fall to dust,
 The shining arrows waste with rust,
 And all of love that earth can claim,
 Be but a memory and a name.

Not thus his nobler part shall dwell
 A prisoner in this narrow cell ;
 But he whom now we hide from men,
 In the dark ground, shall live again :

Shall break these clods, a form of light,
 With nobler mien and purer sight,
 And in the eternal glory stand,
 Highest and nearest God's right hand.

New York, 1853.

"Graham's Magazine," 1854.

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

WITHIN this lowly grave a Conqueror lies,
 And yet the monument proclaims it not,
 Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
 The emblems of a fame that never dies,—
 Ivy and amaranth, in a graceful sheaf,
 Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
 A simple name alone,
 To the great world unknown,
 Is graven here, and wild-flowers, rising round,
 Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
 Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
 No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
 Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
 The passions that consumed his restless heart;
 But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
 Gentlest, in mien and mind,
 Of gentle womankind,
 Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame:

One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
 Its haunts, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
 Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
 Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand that moulders here
 Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
 And armies mustered at the sign, as when
 Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East—

Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
 And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.
 Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
 The victory to her who fills this grave :

Alone her task was wrought,

Alone the battle fought ;

Through that long strife her constant hope was staid
 On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of Sorrow with a look

That altered not beneath the frown they wore,
 And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took,

Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
 Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,

And calmly broke in twain

The fiery shafts of pain,

And rent the nets of passion from her path.

By that victorious hand despair was slain.
 With love she vanquished hate and overcame
 Evil with good, in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
 Glory that with the fleeting season dies ;
 But when she entered at the sapphire gate
 What joy was radiant in celestial eyes !
 How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes
 rung,
 And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung !
 And He who, long before,
 Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
 The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
 Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat ;
 He who returning, glorious, from the grave,
 Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low ;
 Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
 Oh, gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
 Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in fear.
 Brief is the time, I know,
 The warfare scarce begun ;
 Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.
 Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee,
 The victors' names are yet too few to fill
 Heaven's mighty roll ; the glorious armory,
 That ministered to thee, is open still.

New York, 1853.

"Putnam's Magazine," January, 1854.

THE VOICE OF AUTUMN.

THERE comes, from yonder height,
A soft repining sound,
Where forest-leaves are bright,
And fall, like flakes of light,
To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,
That, lightly floating on,
Just skims the weedy leas,
Just stirs the glowing trees,
And is gone.

He moans by sedgy brook,
And visits, with a sigh,
The last pale flowers that look,
From out their sunny nook,
At the sky.

O'er shouting children flies
 That light October wind,
 And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
 He leaves their merry cries
 Far behind,

And wanders on to make
 That soft uneasy sound
 By distant wood and lake,
 Where distant fountains break
 From the ground.

No bower where maidens dwell
 Can win a moment's stay;
 Nor fair untrodden dell;
 He sweeps the upland swell,
 And away!

Mourn'st thou thy homeless state?
 O soft, repining wind!
 That early seek'st and late
 The rest it is thy fate
 Not to find.

Not on the mountain's breast,
 Not on the ocean's shore,
 In all the East and West:
 The wind that stops to rest
 Is no more.

By valleys, woods, and springs,
No wonder thou shouldst grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings
And must leave.

Roslyn, 1853.

"Graham's Magazine," January, 1854.

THE SNOW-SHOWER.

STAND here| by my side| and turn,| I pray,|
 On the lake| below, |thy gentle eyes;|
 The clouds| hang over it,| heavy| and gray,|
 And dark| and silent the water lies;
 And out of that frozen mist the snow
 In wavering flakes begins to flow;
 Flake after flake
 They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come
 From the chambers beyond that misty veil;
 Some hover awhile in air, and some
 Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
 All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
 Meet, and are still in the depths below;
 Flake after flake
 Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,
 - floating downward in airy play,

Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd,
 That whiten by night the milky way;
 There broader and burlier masses fall;
 The sullen water buries them all—

Flake after flake—

All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
 From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
 Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
 Come clinging along their unsteady way;
As friend with friend, or husband with wife,
 Makes hand in hand the passage of life;

Each mated flake

Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
 Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
 As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
 They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
 The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
 What speed they make, with their graves so nigh;

Flake after flake,

To lie in the dark and silent lake!

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
 They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
 Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
 Who were for a time, and now are not;

Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
 That glisten a moment and then are lost,
 Flake after flake—
 All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide;
 A gleam of blue on the water lies;
 And far away, on the mountain-side,
 A sunbeam falls from the opening skies,
 But the hurrying host that flew between
 The cloud and the water, no more is seen;
 Flake after flake,
 At rest in the dark and silent lake.

Roslyn, 1854.

"Knickerbocker Gallery," 1855.

A RAIN-DREAM.

THESE strifes, these tumults of the noisy world,
Where Fraud, the coward, tracks his prey by
stealth,

And Strength, the ruffian, glories in his guilt,
Oppress the heart with sadness. Oh, my friend,
In what serener mood we look upon
The gloomiest aspects of the elements
Among the woods and fields! Let us awhile,
As the slow wind is rolling up the storm,
In fancy leave this maze of dusty streets,
Forever shaken by the importunate jar
Of commerce, and upon the darkening air
Look from the shelter of our rural home.

Who is not awed that listens to the Rain,
Sending his voice before him? Mighty Rain!
The upland steeps are shrouded by thy mists;
Thy shadow fills the hollow vale; the pools
No longer glimmer, and the silvery streams
Darken to veins of lead at thy approach.
O mighty Rain! already thou art here;

And every roof is beaten by thy streams,
And, as thou passest, every glassy spring
Grows rough, and every leaf in all the woods
Is struck, and quivers. All the hill-tops slake
Their thirst from thee; a thousand languishing
fields,

A thousand fainting gardens, are refreshed;
A thousand idle rivulets start to speed,
And with the graver murmur of the storm
Blend their light voices as they hurry on.
Thou fill'st the circle of the atmosphere
Alone; there is no living thing abroad,
No bird to wing the air nor beast to walk
The field; the squirrel in the forest seeks
His hollow tree; the marmot of the field
Has scampered to his den; the butterfly
Hides under her broad leaf; the insect crowds,
That made the sunshine populous, lie close
In their mysterious shelters, whence the sun
Will summon them again. The mighty Rain
Holds the vast empire of the sky alone.
I shut my eyes, and see, as in a dream,
The friendly clouds drop down spring violets
And summer columbines, and all the flowers
That tuft the woodland floor, or overarch
The streamlet:—spiky grass for genial June,
Brown harvests for the waiting husbandman,
And for the woods a deluge of fresh leaves.

I see these myriad drops that slake the dust,
 Gathered in glorious streams, or rolling blue
 In billows on the lake or on the deep,
 And bearing navies. I behold them change
 To threads of crystal as they sink in earth
 And leave its strains behind, to rise again
 In pleasant nooks of verdure, where the child,
 Thirsty with play, in both his little hands
 Shall take the cool, clear water, raising it
 To wet his pretty lips. To-morrow noon
 How proudly will the water-lily ride
 The brimming pool, o'erlooking, like a queen,
 Her circle of broad leaves! In lonely wastes,
 When next the sunshine makes them beautiful,
 Gay troops of butterflies shall light to drink
 At the replenished hollows of the rock.

Now slowly falls the dull blank night, and still,
 All through the starless hours, the mighty Rain
 Smites with perpetual sound the forest-leaves,
 And beats the matted grass, and still the earth
 Drinks the unstinted bounty of the clouds—
 Drinks for her cottage wells, her woodland brooks—
 Drinks for the springing trout, the toiling bee,
 And brooding bird—drinks for her tender flowers,
 Tall oaks, and all the herbage of her hills.

A melancholy sound is in the air,
 A deep sigh in the distance, a shrill wail
 Around my dwelling. 'Tis the Wind of night;

A lonely wanderer between earth and cloud,
In the black shadow and the chilly mist,
Along the streaming mountain-side, and through
The dripping woods, and o'er the plashy fields,
Roaming and sorrowing still, like one who makes
The journey of life alone, and nowhere meets
A welcome or a friend, and still goes on
In darkness. Yet a while, a little while,
And he shall toss the glittering leaves in play,
And dally with the flowers, and gayly lift
The slender herbs, pressed low by weight of rain,
And drive, in joyous triumph, through the sky,
White clouds, the laggard remnants of the storm.

Loslyn, 1854.

"The Crayon," January, 1855.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
 Near to the nest of his little dame,
 Over the mountain-side or mead,
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
 Hidden among the summer flowers.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
 Wearing a bright black wedding-coat ;
 White are his shoulders and white his crest,
 Hear him call in his merry note :
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
 Sure there was never a bird so fine.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
 Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
 Passing at home a patient life,
 Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
 Thieves and robbers while I am here.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
 One weak chirp is her only note.
 Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
 Pouring boasts from his little throat:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Never was I afraid of man;
 Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
 Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
 There as the mother sits all day,
 Robert is singing with all his might:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Nice good wife, that never goes out,
 Keeping house while I frolic about.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
 Six wide mouths are open for food ;
 Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
 Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 This new life is likely to be
 Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
 Sober with work, and silent with care ;
 Off is his holiday garment laid,
 Half forgotten that merry air :
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Nobody knows but my mate and I
 Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
 Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Roslyn, 1855.

"Putnam's Magazine," June, 1855.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH OF MARCH.

O H, gentle one, thy birthday sun should rise
 Amid a chorus of the merriest birds
 That ever sang the stars out of the sky
 In a June morning. Rivulets should send
 A voice of gladness from their winding paths,
 Deep in o'erarching grass, where playful winds,
 Stirring the loaded stems, should shower the dew
 Upon the grassy water. Newly-blown
 Roses, by thousands, to the garden-walks
 Should tempt the loitering moth and diligent bee.
 The longest, brightest day in all the year
 Should be the day on which thy cheerful eyes
 First opened on the earth, to make thy haunts
 Fairer and gladder for thy kindly looks.

Thus might a poet say; but I must bring
 A birthday offering of an humbler strain,
 And yet it may not please thee less. I hold
 That 'twas the fitting season for thy birth
 When March, just ready to depart, begins
 To soften into April. Then we have

The delicatest and most welcome flowers,
 And yet they take least heed of bitter wind
 And lowering sky. The periwinkle then,
 In an hour's sunshine, lifts her azure blooms
 Beside the cottage-door; within the woods
 Tufts of ground-laurel, creeping underneath
 The leaves of the last summer, send their sweets
 Up to the chilly air, and, by the oak,
 The squirrel-cups, a graceful company,
 Hide in their bells, a soft ærial blue—
 Sweet flowers, that nestle in the humblest nooks,
 And yet within whose smallest bud is wrapped
 A world of promise! Still the north wind breathes
 His frost, and still the sky sheds snow and sleet;
 Yet ever, when the sun looks forth again,
 The flowers smile up to him from their low seats.

Well hast thou borne the bleak March day of life.
 Its storms and its keen winds to thee have been
 Most kindly tempered, and through all its gloom
 There have been warmth and sunshine in thy heart;
 The griefs of life to thee have been like snows,
 That light upon the fields in early spring,
 Making them greener. In its milder hours,
 The smile of this pale season, thou hast seen
 The glorious bloom of June, and in the note
 Of early bird, that comes a messenger
 From climes of endless verdure, thou hast
 The choir that fills the summer woods w

Now be the hours that yet remain to thee
Stormy or sunny, sympathy and love,
That inextinguishably dwell within
Thy heart, shall give a beauty and a light
To the most desolate moments, like the glow
Of a bright fireside in the wildest day ;
And kindly words and offices of good
Shall wait upon thy steps, as thou goest on,
Where God shall lead thee, till thou reach the gates
Of a more genial season, and thy path
Be lost to human eye among the bowers
And living fountains of a brighter land.

Roslyn, March, 1855.

AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.

ALREADY, close by our summer dwelling,
The Easter sparrow repeats her song ;
A merry warbler, she chides the blossoms—
The idle blossoms that sleep so long.

The bluebird chants, from the elm's long branches,
A hymn to welcome the budding year.
The south wind wanders from field to forest,
And softly whispers, "The Spring is here."

Come, daughter mine, from the gloomy city,
Before those lays from the elm have ceased ;
The violet breathes, by our door, as sweetly
As in the air of her native East.

Though many a flower in the wood is waking,
The daffodil is our doorside queen ;
She pushes upward the sward already,
To spot with sunshine the early green.

No lays so joyous as these are warbled
From wiry prison in maiden's bower;
No pampered bloom of the green-house chamber
Has half the charm of the lawn's first flower.

Yet these sweet sounds of the early season,
And these fair sights of its sunny days,
Are only sweet when we fondly listen,
And only fair when we fondly gaze.

There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April breezes
Till breathed with joy as they wander by.

Come, Julia dear, for the sprouting willows,
The opening flowers, and the gleaming brooks,
And hollows, green in the sun, are waiting
Their dower of beauty from thy glad looks.

Roslyn, May, 1857.

"Harper's Weekly," May, 1857.

THE WIND AND STREAM.

A BROOK came stealing from the ground;
 You scarcely saw its silvery gleam
 Among the herbs that hung around
 The borders of the winding stream,
 The pretty stream, the placid stream,
 The softly-gliding, bashful stream.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
 Light as the whispers of a dream;
 He put the o'erhanging grasses by,
 And softly stooped to kiss the stream,
 The pretty stream, the flattered stream,
 The shy, yet unreluctant stream.

The water, as the wind passed o'er,
 Shot upward many a glancing beam,
 Dimpled and quivered more and more,
 And tripped along, a livelier stream,
 The flattered stream, the simpering stream,
 The fond, delighted, silly stream.

Away the airy wanderer flew
To where the fields with blossoms teem,
To sparkling springs and rivers blue,
And left alone that little stream,
The flattered stream, the cheated stream,
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

That careless wind came never back ;
He wanders yet the fields, I deem,
But, on its melancholy track,
Complaining went that little stream,
The cheated stream, the hopeless stream,
The ever-murmuring, mourning stream.

Roslyn, 1857.

"Atlantic Monthly," December, 1857

A SONG FOR NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

STAY yet, my friends, a moment stay—
 Stay till the good old year,
 So long companion of our way,
 Shakes hands, and leaves us here.
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,
 Has now no hopes to wake;
 Yet one hour more of jest and song
 For his familiar sake.
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands
 Have lavished all his store.
 And shall we turn from where he stands,
 Because he gives no more?
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
 While yet he was our guest ;
 How cheerfully the week was spent !
 How sweet the seventh day's rest !
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One golden hour, and then away.

Dear friends were with us, some who sleep
 Beneath the coffin-lid :
 What pleasant memories we keep
 Of all they said and did !
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One tender hour, and then away.

Even while we sing, he smiles his last,
 And leaves our sphere behind.
 The good old year is with the past ;
 Oh be the new as kind !
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One parting strain, and then away.

New York, 1857.

"Harper's Magazine," January, 1858.

THE RIVER, BY NIGHT.

O H River, gentle River! gliding on
 In silence underneath the starless sky!
 Thine is a ministry that never rests
 Even while the living slumber. For a time
 The meddler, man, hath left the elements
 In peace; the ploughman breaks the clods no
 more;
 The miner labors not, with steel and fire,
 To rend the rock, and he that hews the stone,
 And he that fells the forest, he that guides
 The loaded wain, and the poor animal
 That drags it, have forgotten, for a time,
 Their toils, and share the quiet of the earth.
 Thou pausest not in thine allotted task,
 Oh darkling River! Through the night I hear
 Thy wavelets rippling on the pebbly beach;
 I hear thy current stir the rustling sedge,
 That skirts thy bed; thou intermittest not
 Thine everlasting journey, drawing on
 A silvery train from many a woodland spring

And mountain-brook. The dweller by thy side,
 Who moored his little boat upon thy beach,
 Though all the waters that upbore it then
 Have slid away o'er night, shall find, at morn,
 Thy channel filled with waters freshly drawn
 From distant cliffs, and hollows where the rill
 Comes up amid the water-flags. All night
 Thou givest moisture to the thirsty roots
 Of the lithe willow and o'erhanging plane,
 And cherishest the herbage of thy bank,
 Spotted with little flowers, and sendest up
 Perpetually the vapors from thy face,
 To steep the hills with dew, or darken heaven
 With drifting clouds, that trail the shadowy shower.

Oh River! darkling River! what a voice
 Is that thou utterest while all else is still—
 The ancient voice that, centuries ago,
 Sounded between thy hills, while Rome was yet
 A weedy solitude by Tiber's stream!
 How many, at this hour, along thy course,
 Slumber to thine eternal murmurings,
 That mingle with the utterance of their dreams!
 At dead of night the child awakes and hears
 Thy soft, familiar dashings, and is soothed,
 And sleeps again. An airy multitude
 Of little echoes, all unheard by day,
 Faintly repeat, till morning, after thee,
 The story of thine endless goings forth.

Yet there are those who lie beside thy bed
For whom thou once didst rear the bowers that
screen

Thy margin, and didst water the green fields;
And now there is no night so still that they
Can hear thy lapse; their slumbers, were thy
voice

Louder than Ocean's, it could never break.
For them the early violet no more
Opens upon thy bank, nor, for their eyes,
Glitter the crimson pictures of the clouds,
Upon thy bosom, when the sun goes down.
Their memories are abroad, the memories
Of those who last were gathered to the earth,
Lingering within the homes in which they sat,
Hovering above the paths in which they walked,
Haunting them like a presence. Even now
They visit many a dreamer in the forms
They walked in, ere at last they wore the shroud.
And eyes there are which will not close to
dream,

For weeping and for thinking of the grave,
The new-made grave, and the pale one within.
These memories and these sorrows all shall fade,
And pass away, and fresher memories
And newer sorrows come and dwell awhile
Beside thy borders, and, in turn, depart.

On glide thy waters, till at last they flow

Beneath the windows of the populous town,
 And all night long give back the gleam of
 lamps,

And glimmer with the trains of light that stream
 From halls where dancers whirl. A dimmer ray
 Touches thy surface from the silent room
 In which they tend the sick, or gather round
 The dying; and a slender, steady beam
 Comes from the little chamber, in the roof
 Where, with a feverous crimson on her cheek,
 The solitary damsel, dying, too,
 Plies the quick needle till the stars grow pale.
 There, close beside the haunts of revel, stand
 The blank, unlighted windows, where the poor,
 In hunger and in darkness, wake till morn.
 There, drowsily, on the half-conscious ear
 Of the dull watchman, pacing on the wharf,
 Falls the soft ripple of the waves that strike
 On the moored bark; but guiltier listeners
 Are nigh, the prowlers of the night, who steal
 From shadowy nook to shadowy nook, and start
 If other sounds than thine are in the air.

Oh, glide away from those abodes, that bring
 Pollution to thy channel and make foul
 Thy once clear current; summon thy quick waves
 And dimpling eddies; linger not, but haste,
 With all thy waters, haste thee to the deep,
 There to be tossed by shifting winds and rocked

By that mysterious force which lives within
The sea's immensity, and wields the weight
Of its abysses, swaying to and fro
The billowy mass, until the stain, at length,
Shall wholly pass away, and thou regain
The crystal brightness of thy mountain-springs.

Naples, 1857.

"Harper's Magazine," June, 1858.

A SICK-BED.

LONG hast thou watched my bed,
And smoothed the pillow oft
For this poor, aching head,
With touches kind and soft.

Oh! smooth it yet again,
As softly as before;
Once—only once—and then
I need thy hand no more.

Yet here I may not stay,
Where I so long have lain,
Through many a restless day
And many a night of pain.

But bear me gently forth
Beneath the open sky,
Where, on the pleasant earth,
Till night the sunbeams lie.

There, through the coming days,
I shall not look to thee
My weary side to raise,
And shift it tenderly.

There sweetly shall I sleep ;
Nor wilt thou need to bring
And put to my hot lip
Cool water from the spring ;

Nor wet the kerchief laid
Upon my burning brow ;
Nor from my eyeballs shade
The light that wounds them now ;

Nor watch that none shall tread,
With noisy footstep, nigh ;
Nor listen by my bed,
To hear my faintest sigh,

And feign a look of cheer,
And words of comfort speak,
Yet turn to hide the tear
That gathers on thy cheek.

Beside me, where I rest,
Thy loving hands will set
The flowers that please me best—
Moss-rose and violet.

A DAY-DREAM.

A DAY-DREAM by the dark-blue deep;
Was it a dream, or something more?
I sat where Posilippo's steep,
With its gray shelves, o'erhung the shore.

On ruined Roman walls around
The poppy flaunted, for 'twas May;
And at my feet, with gentle sound,
Broke the light billows of the bay.

I sat and watched the eternal flow
Of those smooth billows toward the shore,
While quivering lines of light below
Ran with them on the ocean-floor:

Till, from the deep, there seemed to rise
White arms upon the waves outspread,
Young faces, lit with soft blue eyes,
And smooth, round cheeks, just touched with red.

Their long, fair tresses, tinged with gold,
 Lay floating on the ocean-streams,
 And such their brows as bards behold—
 Love-stricken bards—in morning dreams.

Then moved their coral lips; a strain
 Low, sweet and sorrowful, I heard,
 As if the murmurs of the main
 Were shaped to syllable and word.

“The sight thou dimly dost behold,
 Oh, stranger from a distant sky!
 Was often, in the days of old,
 Seen by the clear, believing eye.

“Then danced we on the wrinkled sand,
 Sat in cool caverns by the sea,
 Or wandered up the bloomy land,
 To talk with shepherds on the lea.

“To us, in storms, the seaman prayed,
 And where our rustic altars stood,
 His little children came and laid
 The fairest flowers of field and wood.

“Oh woe, a long, unending woe!
 For who shall knit the ties again
 That linked the sea-nymphs, long ago,
 In kindly fellowship with men?

"Earth rears her flowers for us no more ;
 A half-remembered dream are we ;
 Unseen we haunt the sunny shore,
 And swim, unmarked, the glassy sea.

"And we have none to love or aid,
 But wander, heedless of mankind,
 With shadows by the cloud-rack made,
 With moaning wave and sighing wind.

"Yet sometimes, as in elder days,
 We come before the painter's eye,
 Or fix the sculptor's eager gaze,
 With no profaner witness nigh.

"And then the words of men grow warm
 With praise and wonder, asking where
 The artist saw the perfect form
 He copied forth in lines so fair."

As thus they spoke, with wavering sweep
 Floated the graceful forms away ;
 Dimmer and dimmer, through the deep,
 I saw the white arms gleam and play.

Fainter and fainter, on mine ear,
 Fell the soft accents of their speech,
 Till I, at last, could only hear
 The waves run murmuring up the beach.

Naples, May, 1858.

"New York Ledger," January 5, 1861.

THE LIFE THAT IS.

THOU, who so long hast pressed the couch of pain,
Oh welcome, welcome back to life's free breath—
To life's free breath and day's sweet light again,
From the chill shadows of the gate of death!

For thou hadst reached the twilight bound between
The world of spirits and this grosser sphere;
Dimly by thee the things of earth were seen,
And faintly fell earth's voices on thine ear.

And now, how gladly we behold, at last,
The wonted smile returning to thy brow!
The very wind's low whisper, breathing past,
In the light leaves, is music to thee now.

Thou wert not weary of thy lot; the earth
Was ever good and pleasant in thy sight;
Still clung thy loves about the household hearth,
Sweet was every day's returning light.

Then welcome back to all thou wouldst not leave,
 To this grand march of seasons, days, and hours;
 The glory of the morn, the glow of eve,
 The beauty of the streams, and stars, and flowers;

To eyes on which thine own delight to rest;
 To voices which it is thy joy to hear;
 To the kind toils that ever pleased thee best,
 The willing tasks of love, that made life dear.

Welcome to grasp of friendly hands; to prayers
 Offered where crowds in reverent worship come,
 Or softly breathed amid the tender cares
 And loving inmates of thy quiet home.

Thou bring'st no tidings of the better land,
 Even from its verge; the mysteries opened there
 Are what the faithful heart may understand
 In its still depths, yet words may not declare.

And well I deem, that, from the brighter side
 Of life's dim border, some o'erflowing rays
 Streamed from the inner glory, shall abide
 Upon thy spirit through the coming days.

Twice wert thou given me; once in thy fair prime,
 Fresh from the fields of youth, when first we met,
 And all the blossoms of that hopeful time
 Clustered and glowed where'er thy steps were set.

And now, in thy ripe autumn, once again
Given back to fervent prayers and yearnings strong,
From the drear realm of sickness and of pain
When we had watched, and feared, and trembled
long.

Now may we keep thee from the balmy air
And radiant walks of heaven a little space,
Where He, who went before thee to prepare
For His meek followers, shall assign thy place.

Castellamare, May, 1858.

"Thirty Poems," 1864.

SONG.

"THESE PRAIRIES GLOW WITH FLOWERS."

THESE prairies glow with flowers,
 These groves are tall and fair,
 The sweet lay of the mocking-bird
 Rings in the morning air;
 And yet I pine to see
 My native hill once more,
 And hear the ^{Song}sparrow's friendly chirp ?
 Beside its cottage-door.

And he, for whom I left
 My native hill and brook,
 Alas, I sometimes think I trace
 A coldness in his look !
 If I have lost his love,
 I know my heart will break ;
 And haply, they I left for him
 Will sorrow for my sake.

Princeton, Ill., 1858 (?).

THE SONG OF THE SOWER.

I.

THE maples redden in the sun ;
 In autumn gold the beeches stand ;
 Rest, faithful plough, thy work is done
 Upon the teeming land.
 Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly
 On every breath that sweeps the sky,
 The fresh dark acres furrowed lie,
 And ask the sower's hand.
 Loose the tired steer and let him go
 To pasture where the gentians blow,^v
 And we, who till the grateful ground,
 Fling we the golden shower around.

II.

Fling wide the generous grain ; we fling
 O'er the dark mould the green of spring.
 For thick the emerald blades shall grow,
 When first the March winds melt the snow,

And to the sleeping flowers, below,
 The early bluebirds sing.
 Fling wide the grain; we give the fields
 The ears that nod in summer's gale,
 The shining stems that summer gilds,
 The harvest that o'erflows the vale,
 And swells, an amber sea, between
 The full-leaved woods, its shores of green.
 Hark! from the murmuring clods I hear
 Glad voices of the coming year;
 The song of him who binds the grain,
 The shout of those that load the wain,
 And from the distant grange there comes
 The clatter of the thresher's flail,
 And steadily the millstone hums
 Down in the willowy vale.

III.

Fling wide the golden shower; we trust
 The strength of armies to the dust.
 This peaceful lea may haply yield
 Its harvest for the tented field.
 Ha! feel ye not your fingers thrill,
 As o'er them, in the yellow grains,
 Glide the warm drops of blood that fill,
 For mortal strife, the warrior's veins;
 Such as, on Solferino's day,
 Slaked the brown sand and flowed away—

Flowed till the herds, on Mincio's brink,
 Snuffed the red stream and feared to drink;—
 Blood that in deeper pools shall lie,
 On the sad earth, as time grows gray,
 When men by deadlier arts shall die,
 And deeper darkness blot the sky
 Above the thundering fray;
 And realms, that hear the battle-cry,
 Shall sicken with dismay;
 And chieftains to the war shall lead
 Whole nations, with the tempest's speed,
 To perish in a day;—
 Till man, by love and mercy taught,
 Shall rue the wreck his fury wrought,
 And lay the sword away!
 Oh strew, with pausing, shuddering hand,
 The seed upon the helpless land,
 As if, at every step, ye cast
 The pelting hail and riving blast.

IV.

Nay, strew, with free and joyous sweep,
 The seed upon the expecting soil;
 For hence the plenteous year shall heap
 The garner of the men who toil.
 Strew the bright seed for those who tear
 The matted sward with spade and share,

And those whose sounding axes gleam
 Beside the lonely forest stream,
 Till its broad banks lie bare;
 And him who breaks the quarry-ledge,
 With hammer-blows, plied quick and strong,
 And him who, with the steady sledge,
 Smites the shrill anvil all day long.
 Sprinkle the furrow's even trace
 For those whose toiling hands uprear
 The roof-trees of our swarming race,
 By grove and plain, by stream and mere;
 Who forth, from crowded city, lead
 The lengthening street, and overlay
 Green orchard-plot and grassy mead
 With pavement of the murmuring way.
 Cast, with full hands the harvest cast,
 For the brave men that climb the mast,
 When to the billow and the blast
 It swings and stoops, with fearful strain,
 And bind the fluttering mainsail fast,
 Till the tossed bark shall sit, again,
 Safe as a sea-bird on the main.

v.

Fling wide the grain for those who throw
 The clanking shuttle to and fro,
 In the long row of humming rooms,
 And into ponderous masses wind

The web that, from a thousand looms,
 Comes forth to clothe mankind.
 Strew, with free sweep, the grain for them,
 By whom the busy thread
 Along the garment's even hem
 And winding seam is led;
 A pallid sisterhood, that keep
 The lonely lamp alight,
 In strife with weariness and sleep,
 Beyond the middle night.
 Large part be theirs in what the year
 Shall ripen for the reaper here.

VI.

Still, strew, with joyous hand, the wheat
 On the soft mould beneath our feet,
 For even now I seem
 To hear a sound that lightly rings
 From murmuring harp and viol's strings,
 As in a summer dream.
 The welcome of the wedding-guest,
 The bridegroom's look of bashful pride,
 The faint smile of the pallid bride,
 And bridesmaid's blush at matron's jest,
 And dance and song and generous dower,
 Are in the shining grains we shower.

Scatter the wheat for shipwrecked men,
Who, hunger-worn, rejoice again
 In the sweet safety of the shore,
And wanderers, lost in woodlands drear,
Whose pulses bound with joy to hear
 The herd's light bell once more.
Freely the golden spray be shed
For him whose heart, when night comes
 down
On the close alleys of the town,
 Is faint for lack of bread.
In chill roof-chambers, bleak and bare,
Or the damp cellar's stifling air,
She who now sees, in mute despair,
 Her children pine for food,
Shall feel the dews of gladness start
To lids long tearless, and shall part
The sweet loaf with a grateful heart,
 Among her thin pale brood.
Dear, kindly Earth, whose breast we till!
Oh, for thy famished children, fill,
 Where'er the sower walks,
Fill the rich ears that shade the mould
With grain for grain, a hundredfold,
 To bend the sturdy stalks.

VIII.

Strew silently the fruitful seed,
 As softly o'er the tilth ye tread,
 For hands that delicately knead
 The consecrated bread—
 The mystic loaf that crowns the board,
 When, round the table of their Lord,
 Within a thousand temples set,
 In memory of the bitter death
 Of Him who taught at Nazareth,
 His followers are met,
 And thoughtful eyes with tears are wet,
 As of the Holy One they think,
 The glory of whose rising yet
 Makes bright the grave's mysterious brink.

IX.

Brethren, the sower's task is done.
 The seed is in its winter bed.
 Now let the dark-brown mould be spread,
 To hide it from the sun,
 And leave it to the kindly care
 Of the still earth and brooding air,
 As when the mother, from her breast,
 Lays the hushed babe apart to rest,
 And shades its eyes, and waits to see
 How sweet its waking smile will be.

The tempest now may smite, the sleet
 All night on the drowned furrow beat,
 And winds that, from the cloudy hold,
 Of winter breathe the bitter cold,
 Stiffen to stone the mellow mould,
 Yet safe shall lie the wheat ;
 Till, out of heaven's unmeasured blue,
 Shall walk again the genial year,
 To wake with warmth and nurse with dew
 The germs we lay to slumber here.

x.

Oh blessed harvest yet to be !
 Abide thou with the Love that keeps,
 In its warm bosom, tenderly,
 The Life which wakes and that which sleeps.
 The Love that leads the willing spheres
 Along the unending track of years,
 And watches o'er the sparrow's nest,
 Shall brood above thy winter rest,
 And raise thee from the dust, to hold
 Light whisperings with the winds of May,
 And fill thy spikes with living gold,
 From summer's yellow ray ;
 Then, as thy garner's give thee forth,
 On what glad errands shalt thou go,
 Wherever, o'er the waiting earth,
 Roads wind and rivers flow !

The ancient East shall welcome thee
To mighty marts beyond the sea,
And they who dwell where palm-groves sound
To summer winds the whole year round,
Shall watch, in gladness, from the shore,
The sails that bring thy glistening store.

Roslyn, 1859.

"Thirty Poems," 1864.

THE NEW AND THE OLD.

NEW are the leaves on the oaken spray,
New the blades of the silky grass;
Flowers, that were buds but yesterday,
Peep from the ground where'er I pass.

These gay idlers, the butterflies,
Broke, to-day, from their winter shroud;
These light airs, that winnow the skies,
Blow, just born, from the soft, white cloud.

Gushing fresh in the little streams,
What a prattle the waters make!
Even the sun, with his tender beams,
Seems as young as the flowers they wake.

Children are wading, with cheerful cries,
In the shoals of the sparkling brook;
Laughing maidens, with soft, young eyes,
Walk or sit in the shady nook.

What am I doing, thus alone,
 In the glory of Nature here,
 Silver-haired, like a snow-flake thrown
 On the greens of the springing year?

Only for brows unploughed by care,
 Eyes that glisten with hope and mirth,
 Cheeks unwrinkled, and unblanched hair,
 Shines this holiday of the earth.

Under the grass, with the clammy clay,
 Lie in darkness the last year's flowers,
 Born of a light that has passed away,
 Dews long dried and forgotten showers.

"Under the grass is the fitting home,"
 So they whisper, "for such as thou,
 When the winter of life is come,
 Chilling the blood, and frosting the brow."

Roslyn, 1859.

"Thirty Poems," 1864.

THE CLOUD ON THE WAY.

SEE, before us, in our journey, broods a mist upon
the ground ;
Thither leads the path we walk in, blending with that
gloomy bound.
Never eye hath pierced its shadows to the mystery
they screen ;
Those who once have passed within it never more on
earth are seen.
Now it seems to stoop beside us, now at seeming
distance lowers,
Leaving banks that tempt us onward bright with sum-
mer-green and flowers.
Yet it blots the way forever ; there our journey ends
at last ;
Into that dark cloud we enter, and are gathered to the
past.
Thou who, in this flinty pathway, leading through a
stranger-land,
Passest down the rocky valley, walking with me hand
in hand,

Rude winds strew the faded flowers upon the crags
 o'er which we pass;
 Banks of verdure, when we reach them, hiss with tufts
 of withered grass.
 One by one we miss the voices which we loved so
 well to hear;
 One by one the kindly faces in that shadow disap-
 pear.
 Yet upon the mist before us fix thine eyes with closer
 view;
 See, beneath its sullen skirts, the rosy morning glimmers
 through.
 One whose feet the thorns have wounded passed that
 barrier and came back,
 With a glory on His footsteps lighting yet the dreary
 track.
 Boldly enter where He entered; all that seems but
 darkness here,
 When thou once hast passed beyond it, haply shall be
 crystal-clear.
 Viewed from that serener realm, the walks of human
 life may lie,
 Like the page of some familiar volume, open to thine
 eye;
 Haply, from the o'erhanging shadow, thou mayst stretch
 an unseen hand,
 To support the wavering steps that print with blood
 the rugged land.

Haply, leaning o'er the pilgrim, all unweeting thou art
near,
Thou mayst whisper words of warning or of comfort
in his ear
Till, beyond the border where that brooding mystery
bars the sight,
Those whom thou hast fondly cherished stand with
thee in peace and light.

New York, 1860.

"New York Ledger," February, 1860.

WAITING BY THE GATE.

BESIDE a massive gateway built up in years gone
by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood
and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the
night ;
I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant
more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day
is o'er.

Behold, the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed
brow ;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought ;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his
power.

I muse while still the wood-thrush sings down the
golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes ;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amid the young and fair.

O glory of our race that so suddenly decays !
O crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze !
O breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness, and flies we know not
where !

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then
withdrawn ;
But still the sun shines round me : the evening bird
sings on,)
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened ; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the
sprightly shout.

O frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the greensward
 strows
 Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that
 blows!

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
 The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of
 pride.
 Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars
 gray,
 And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are
 blank with fear,
 And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing
 near,
 As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
 Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror; yet these, within my heart,
 Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
 And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
 I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

New York, 1860.

"Thirty Poems," 1864.

THE CONSTELLATIONS.

O CONSTELLATIONS of the early night,
 That sparkled brighter as the twilight died,
 And made the darkness glorious! I have seen
 Your rays grow dim upon the horizon's edge,
 And sink behind the mountains. I have seen
 The great Orion, with his jewelled belt,
 That large-limbed warrior of the skies, go down
 Into the gloom. Beside him sank a crowd
 Of shining ones. I look in vain to find
 The group of sister-stars, which mothers love
 To show their wondering babes, the gentle Seven.
 Along the desert space mine eyes in vain
 Seek the resplendent cressets which the Twins
 Uplifted in their ever-youthful hands.
 The streaming tresses of the Egyptian Queen
 Spangle the heavens no more. The Virgin trails
 No more her glittering garments through the blue.
 Gone! all are gone! and the forsaken Night,
 With all her winds, in all her dreary wastes,
 Sighs that they shine upon her face no more.

Now only here and there a little star
 Looks forth alone. Ah me! I know them not,
 Those dim successors of the numberless host
 That filled the heavenly fields, and flung to earth
 Their quivering fires. And now the middle watch
 Betwixt the eve and morn is past, and still
 The darkness gains upon the sky, and still
 It closes round my way. Shall, then, the Night
 Grow starless in her later hours? Have these
 No train of flaming watchers, that shall mark
 Their coming and farewell? O Sons of Light!
 Have ye then left me ere the dawn of day
 To grope along my journey sad and faint?

Thus I complained, and from the darkness round
 A voice replied—was it indeed a voice,
 Or seeming accents of a waking dream
 Heard by the inner ear? But thus it said:
 O Traveller of the Night! thine eyes are dim
 With watching; and the mists, that chill the vale
 Down which thy feet are passing, hide from view
 The ever-burning stars. It is thy sight
 That is so dark, and not the heavens. Thine eyes,
 Were they but clear, would see a fiery host
 Above thee: Hercules, with flashing mace,
 The Lyre with silver chords, the Swan uppoised
 On gleaming wings, the Dolphin gliding on
 With glistening scales, and that poetic steed,
 With beamy mane, whose hoof struck out from earth

The fount of Hippocrene, and many more,
 Fair clustered splendors, with whose rays the Night
 Shall close her march in glory, ere she yield,
 To the young Day, the great earth steeped in dew.

So spake the monitor, and I perceived
 How vain were my repinings, and my thought
 Went backward to the vanished years and all
 The good and great who came and passed with them,
 And knew that ever would the years to come
 Bring with them, in their course, the good and great,
 Lights of the world, though, to my clouded sight,
 Their rays might seem but dim, or reach me not.

Roslyn, 1861.

"Thirty Poems," 1864.

THE TIDES.

THE moon is at her full, and, riding high,
 Floods the calm fields with light;
 The airs that hover in the summer-sky
 Are all asleep to-night.

There comes no voice from the great woodlands round
 That murmured all the day;
 Beneath the shadow of their boughs the ground
 Is not more still than they.

But ever heaves and moans the restless Deep;
 His rising tides I hear,
 Afar I see the glimmering billows leap;
 I see them breaking near.

Each wave springs upward, climbing toward the fair
 Pure light that sits on high—
 Springs eager 's, to where
 The

Upward again it swells; the moonbeams show
 Again its glimmering crest;
 Again it feels the fatal weight below,
 And sinks, but not to rest.

Again and yet again; until the Deep
 Recalls his brood of waves;
 And, with a sullen moan, abashed, they creep
 Back to his inner caves.

Brief respite! they shall rush from that recess
 With noise and tumult soon,
 And fling themselves, with unavailing stress,
 Up toward the placid moon.

[O restless Sea, that, in thy prison here,
 Dost struggle and complain;
 Through the slow centuries yearning to be near
 To that fair orb in vain;

sun
~
~~~~~
 The glorious source of light and heat must warm
 Thy billows from on high,
 And change them to the cloudy trains that form
 The curtain of the sky.

Then only may they leave the waste of brine
 In which they welter here,
 And rise above the hills of earth, and shine ?
 In a serener sphere.

Roslyn, 1860.

"New York Ledger," July 28, 1860.

ITALY.

VOICES from the mountains speak,
 Apennines to Alps reply;
 Vale to vale and peak to peak
 Toss an old-remembered cry:
 " Italy
 Shall be free!"
 Such the mighty shout that fills
 All the passes of her hills.

All the old Italian lakes
 Quiver at that quickening word;
 Como with a thrill awakes;
 Garda to her depths is stirred;
 Mid the steeps
 Where he sleeps,
 Dreaming of the elder years,
 Startled Thrasymenus hears.

Sweeping Arno, swelling Po,
 Murmur freedom to their meads.
 Tiber swift and Liris slow
 Send strange whispers from their reeds.

"Italy
Shall be free!"

Sing the glittering brooks that slide,
Toward the sea, from Etna's side.

Long ago was Gracchus slain;
Brutus perished long ago;
Yet the living roots remain
Whence the shoots of greatness grow;
Yet again,
Godlike men,
Sprung from that heroic stem,
Call the land to rise with them.

They who haunt the swarming street,
They who chase the mountain-boar,
Or, where cliff and billow meet,
Prune the vine or pull the oar,
With a stroke
Break their yoke;
Slaves but yestereve were they—
Freemen with the dawning day.

Looking in his children's eyes,
While his own with gladness flash,
"These," the Umbrian father cries,
"Ne'er shall crouch beneath the lash!"

These shall ne'er
 Brook to wear
 Chains whose cruel links are twined
 Round the crushed and withering mind."

Monarchs! ye whose armies stand
 Harnessed for the battle-field!
 Pause, and from the lifted hand
 Drops the bolts of war ye wield.
 Stand aloof
 While the proof
 Of the people's might is given;
 Leave their kings to them and Heaven!

Stand aloof, and see the oppressed
 Chase the oppressor, pale with fear,
 As the fresh winds of the west
 Blow the misty valleys clear.
 Stand and see
 Italy
 Cast the gyves she wears no more
 To the gulfs that steep her shore.

Roslyn, 1860.

"New York Ledger," October 20, 1860.

NOT YET.

O H COUNTRY, marvel of the earth!
Oh realm to sudden greatness grown!
The age that gloried in thy birth,
Shall it behold thee overthrown?
Shall traitors lay that greatness low?
No, land of Hope and Blessing, No!

And we, who wear thy glorious name,
Shall we, like cravens, stand apart,
When those whom thou hast trusted aim
The death-blow at thy generous heart?
Forth goes the battle-cry, and lo!
Hosts rise in harness, shouting, No!

And they who founded, in our land,
The power that rules from sea to sea,
Bled they in vain, or vainly planned
To leave their country great and free?
Their sleeping ashes, from below,
Send up the thrilling murmur, No!

Knit they the gentle ties which long
 These sister States were proud to wear,
 And forged the kindly links so strong
 For idle hands in sport to tear?
 For scornful hands aside to throw?
 No, by our fathers' memory, No!

Our humming marts, our iron ways,
 Our wind-tossed woods on mountain-crest,
 The hoarse Atlantic, with its bays,
 The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
 And Mississippi's torrent-flow,
 The loud Niagara, answer, No!

Not yet the hour is nigh when they
 Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,
 Earth's ancient kings, shall rise and say,
 "Proud country, welcome to the pit!
 So soon art thou, like us, brought low!"
 No, sullen group of shadows, No!

For now, behold, the arm that gave
 The victory in our fathers' day,
 Strong, as of old, to guard and save—
 That mighty arm which none can stay—
 On clouds above and fields below,
 Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No!

Roslyn, July, 1861.

"New York Ledger," August 17, 1861.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

LAY down the axe; fling by the spade;
 Leave in its track the toiling plough;
 The rifle and the bayonet-blade
 For arms like yours were fitter now;
 And let the hands that ply the pen
 Quit the light task, and learn to wield
 The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
 The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls; away! away!
 To where the blood-stream blots the green.
 Strike to defend the gentlest sway
 That Time in all his course has seen.
 See, from a thousand coverts—see,
 Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
 They rush to smite her down, and we
 Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
 And moved as soon to fear and flight,
 Men of the glade and forest! leave
 Your woodcraft for the field of fight.

The arms that wield the axe must pour
 An iron tempest on the foe ;
 His serried ranks shall reel before
 The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye, who breast the mountain-storm
 By grassy steep or highland lake,
 Come, for the land ye love, to form
 A bulwark that no foe can break.
 Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
 The whirlwind, stand in her defence ;
 The blast as soon shall move the rock
 As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
 Swift rivers, rising far away,
 Come from the depth of her green land,
 As mighty in your march as they ;
 As terrible as when the rains
 Have swelled them over bank and borne,
 With sudden floods to drown the plains
 And sweep along the woods uptorn.

And ye, who throng, beside the deep,
 Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
 In number like the waves that leap
 On his long-murmuring marge of sand—

Come like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim,
A helpless wreck, against the shore !

Few, few were they whose swords of old
Won the fair land in which we dwell ;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike, for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be !

Cumington, September, 1861.

"New York Ledger," November 2, 1861.

THE THIRD

SOFTLY breathes the wind
forest,

Taking leaf by leaf from the
Sweetly streams the sunshine
vember,

Through the golden haze of the

Tenderly the season has spared the

Spared the petted flowers that the
the new,

Spared the autumn-rose and the
pansies,

Late-blown dandelions and periwinkles,

On my cornice linger the ripe black grapes,

Children fill the groves with the
glee,

Gathering tawny chestnuts, and shouting with
them

Drops the heavy fruit of the tall black-walnut

Glorious are the woods in their latest gold and crimson,
 Yet our full-leaved willows are in their freshest green.
 Such a kindly autumn, so mercifully dealing
 With the growths of summer, I never yet have seen.

Like this kindly season may life's decline come o'er
 me ;
 Past is manhood's summer, the frosty months are
 here ;
 Yet be genial airs and a pleasant sunshine left me,
 Leaf, and fruit, and blossom, to mark the closing
 year !

Dreary is the time when the flowers of earth are
 withered ;
 Dreary is the time when the woodland leaves are
 cast—
 When, upon the hillside, all hardened into iron,
 Howling, like a wolf, flies the famished northern
 blast.

Dreary are the years when the eye can look no longer
 With delight on Nature, or hope on human kind ;
 Oh, may those that whiten my temples, as they pass
 me,
 Leave the heart unfrozen, and spare the cheerful
 mind !

Roslyn, 1861.

"Thirty Poems," 1864.

SELLA.

HEAR now a legend of the days of old—
 The days when there were goodly marvels yet,
 When man to man gave willing faith, and loved
 A tale the better that 'twas wild and strange.

Beside a pleasant dwelling ran a brook
 Scudding along a narrow channel, paved
 With green and yellow pebbles; yet full clear
 Its waters were, and colorless and cool,
 As fresh from granite rocks. A maiden oft
 Stood at the open window, leaning out,
 And listening to the sound the water made,
 A sweet, eternal murmur, still the same,
 And not the same; and oft, as spring came on,
 She gathered violets from its fresh moist bank,
 To place within her bower, and when the herbs
 Of summer drooped beneath the mid-day sun,
 She sat within the shade of a great rock,
 Dreamily listening to the streamlet's song.

Ripe were the maiden's years; her stature showed
 Womanly beauty, and her clear, calm eye

Was bright with venturous spirit, yet her face
 Was passionless, like those by sculptor graved
 For niches in a temple. Lovers oft
 Had wooed her, but she only laughed at love,
 And wondered at the silly things they said.
 'Twas her delight to wander where wild-vines
 O'erhang the river's brim, to climb the path
 Of woodland streamlet to its mountain-springs,
 To sit by gleaming wells and mark below
 The image of the rushes on its edge,
 And, deep beyond, the trailing clouds that slid
 Across the fair blue space. No little fount
 Stole forth from hanging rock, or in the side
 Of hollow dell, or under roots of oak;
 No rill came trickling, with a stripe of green,
 Down the bare hill, that to this maiden's eye
 Was not familiar. Often did the banks
 Of river or of sylvan lakelet hear
 The dip of oars with which the maiden rowed
 Her shallop, pushing ever from the prow
 A crowd of long, light ripples toward the shore.

Two brothers had the maiden, and she thought,
 Within herself: "I would I were like them;
 For then I might go forth alone, to trace
 The mighty rivers downward to the sea,
 And upward to the brooks that, through the year,
 Prattle to the cool valleys. I would know
 What races drink their waters; how their chiefs

Bear rule, and how men worship there, and how
 They build, and to what quaint device they frame,
 Where sea and river meet, their stately ships;
 What flowers are in their gardens, and what trees
 Bear fruit within their orchards; in what garb
 Their bowmen meet on holidays, and how
 Their maidens bind the waist and braid the hair.
 Here, on these hills, my father's house o'erlooks
 Broad pastures grazed by flocks and herds, but there
 I hear they sprinkle the great plains with corn
 And watch its springing up, and when the green
 Is changed to gold, they cut the stems and bring
 The harvest in, and give the nations bread.
 And there they hew the quarry into shafts,
 And pile up glorious temples from the rock,
 And chisel the rude stones to shapes of men.
 All this I pine to see, and would have seen,
 But that I am a woman, long ago."
 Thus in her wanderings did the maiden dream,
 Until, at length, one morn in early spring,
 When all the glistening fields lay white with frost,
 She came half breathless where her mother sat:
 "See, mother dear," she said, "what I have found,
 Upon our rivulet's bank; two slippers, white
 As the midwinter snow, and spangled o'er
 With twinkling points, like stars, and on the edge
 My name is wrought in silver; read, I pray,
 Sella, the name thy mother, now in heaven,

Gave at my birth ; and sure, they fit my feet ! ”
“ A dainty pair,” the prudent matron said,
“ But thine they are not. We must lay them by
For those whose careless hands have left them here ;
Or haply they were placed beside the brook
To be a snare. I cannot see thy name
Upon the border—only characters
Of mystic look and dim are there, like signs
Of some strange art ; nay, daughter, wear them not.”
Then Sella hung the slippers in the porch
Of that broad rustic lodge, and all who passed
Admired their fair contexture, but none knew
Who left them by the brook. And now, at length,
May, with her flowers and singing birds, had gone,
And on bright streams and into deep wells shone
The high, midsummer sun. One day, at noon,
Sella was missed from the accustomed meal.
They sought her in her favorite haunts, they looked
By the great rock and far along the stream,
And shouted in the sounding woods her name.
Night came, and forth the sorrowing household went
With torches over the wide pasture-grounds,
To pool and thicket, marsh and briery dell,
And solitary valley far away.
The morning came, and Sella was not found.
The sun climbed high ; they sought her still ; the noon,
The hot and silent noon, heard Sella’s name,
Uttered with a despairing cry, to wastes

O'er which the eagle hovered. As the sun
Stooped toward the amber west to bring the close
Of that sad second day, and, with red eyes,
The mother sat within her home alone,
Sella was at her side. A shriek of joy
Broke the sad silence; glad, warm tears were shed,
And words of gladness uttered. "Oh, forgive,"
The maiden said, "that I could e'er forget
Thy wishes for a moment. I just tried
The slippers on, amazed to see them shaped
So fairly to my feet, when, all at once,
I felt my steps upborne and hurried on
Almost as if with wings. A strange delight,
Blent with a thrill of fear, o'ermastered me,
And, ere I knew, my splashing steps were set
Within the rivulet's pebbly bed, and I
Was rushing down the current. By my side
Tripped one as beautiful as ever looked
From white clouds in a dream; and, as we ran,
She talked with musical voice and sweetly laughed.
Gayly we leaped the crag and swam the pool,
And swept with dimpling eddies round the rock,
And glided between shady meadow-banks.
The streamlet, broadening as we went, became
A swelling river, and we shot along
By stately towns, and under leaning masts
Of gallant barks, nor lingered by the shore
Of blooming gardens; onward, onward still,

The same strong impulse bore me, till, at last,
 We entered the great deep, and passed below
 His billows, into boundless spaces, lit
 With a green sunshine. Here were mighty groves
 Far down the ocean-valleys, and between
 Lay what might seem fair meadows, softly tinged
 With orange and with crimson. Here arose
 Tall stems, that, rooted in the depths below,
 Swung idly with the motions of the sea;
 And here were shrubberies in whose mazy screen
 The creatures of the deep made haunt. My friend
 Named the strange growths, the pretty coralline,
 The dulse with crimson leaves, and, streaming far,
 Sea-thong and sea-lace. Here the tangle spread
 Its broad, thick fronds, with pleasant bowers beneath;
 And oft we trod a waste of pearly sands,
 Spotted with rosy shells, and thence looked in
 At caverns of the sea whose rock-roofed halls
 Lay in blue twilight. As we moved along,
 The dwellers of the deep, in mighty herds,
 Passed by us, reverently they passed us by,
 Long trains of dolphins rolling through the brine,
 Huge whales, that drew the waters after them,
 A torrent-stream, and hideous hammer-sharks,
 Chasing their prey. I shuddered as they came;
 Gently they turned aside and gave us room."

Hereat broke in the mother: "Sella dear,
 This is a dream, the idlest, vainest dream."

"Nay, mother, nay; behold this sea-green scarf,
Woven of such threads as never human hand
Twined from the distaff. She who led my way
Through the great waters, bade me wear it home,
A token that my tale is true. 'And keep,'
She said, 'the slippers thou hast found, for thou,
When shod with them, shalt be like one of us,
With power to walk at will the ocean-floor,
Among its monstrous creatures, unafraid,
And feel no longing for the air of heaven
To fill thy lungs, and send the warm, red blood
Along thy veins. But thou shalt pass the hours
In dances with the sea-nymphs, or go forth,
To look into the mysteries of the abyss
Where never plummet reached. And thou shalt sleep
Thy weariness away on downy banks
Of sea-moss, where the pulses of the tide
Shall gently lift thy hair, or thou shalt float
On the soft currents that go forth and wind
From isle to isle, and wander through the sea.'

"So spake my fellow-voyager, her words
Sounding like wavelets on a summer shore,
And then we stopped beside a hanging rock,
With a smooth beach of white sands at its foot,
Where three fair creatures like herself were set
At their sea-banquet, crisp and juicy stalks,
Culled from the ocean's meadows, and the sweet
Midrib of pleasant leaves, and golden fruits

Dropped from the trees that edge the southern isles,
 And gathered on the waves. Kindly they prayed
 That I would share their meal, and I partook
 With eager appetite, for long had been
 My journey, and I left the spot refreshed.

"And then we wandered off amid the groves
 Of coral loftier than the growths of earth;
 The mightiest cedar lifts no trunk like theirs,
 So huge, so high toward heaven, nor overhangs
 Alleys and bowers so dim. We moved between
 Pinnacles of black rock, which, from beneath,
 Molten by inner fires, so said my guide,
 Gushed long ago into the hissing brine,
 That quenched and hardened them, and now they stand
 Motionless in the currents of the sea
 That part and flow around them. As we went,
 We looked into the hollows of the abyss,
 To which the never-resting waters sweep
 The skeletons of sharks, the long white spines
 Of narwhal and of dolphin, bones of men
 Shipwrecked, and mighty ribs of foundered barks.
 Down the blue pits we looked, and hastened on.

"But beautiful the fountains of the sea
 Sprang upward from its bed: the silvery jets
 Shot branching far into the azure brine,
 And where they mingled with it, the great deep
 Quivered and shook, as shakes the glimmering air
 Above a furnace. So we wandered through

The mighty world of waters, till at length
 I wearied of its wonders, and my heart
 Began to yearn for my dear mountain-home.
 I prayed my gentle guide to lead me back
 To the upper air. 'A glorious realm,' I said,
 'Is this thou openest to me; but I stray
 Bewildered in its vastness; these strange sights
 And this strange light oppress me. I must see
 The faces that I love, or I shall die.'

"She took my hand, and, darting through the waves,
 Brought me to where the stream, by which we came,
 Rushed into the main ocean. Then began
 A slower journey upward. Wearily
 We breasted the strong current, climbing through
 The rapids, tossing high their foam. The night
 Came down, and in the clear depth of a pool,
 Edged with o'erhanging rock, we took our rest
 Till morning; and I slept, and dreamed of home
 And thee. A pleasant sight the morning showed;
 The green fields of this upper world, the herds
 That grazed the bank, the light on the red clouds,
 The trees, with all their host of trembling leaves,
 Lifting and lowering to the restless wind
 Their branches. As I awoke, I saw them all
 From the clear stream; yet strangely was my heart
 Parted between the watery world and this,
 And as we journeyed upward, oft I thought
 Of marvels I had seen, and stopped and turned,

And lingered, till I thought of thee again ;
 And then again I turned and clambered up
 The rivulet's murmuring path, until we came
 Beside the cottage-door. There tenderly
 My fair conductor kissed me, and I saw
 Her face no more. I took the slippers off.
 Oh ! with what deep delight my lungs drew in
 The air of heaven again, and with what joy
 I felt my blood bound with its former glow ;
 And now I never leave thy side again !"

So spoke the maiden Sella, with large tears
 Standing in her mild eyes, and in the porch
 Replaced the slippers. Autumn came and went ;
 The winter passed ; another summer warmed
 The quiet pools ; another autumn tinged
 The grape with red, yet while it hung unplucked,
 The mother ere her time was carried forth
 To sleep among the solitary hills.

A long, still sadness settled on that home
 Among the mountains. The stern father there
 Wept with his children, and grew soft of heart,
 And Sella, and the brothers twain, and one
 Younger than they, a sister fair and shy,
 Strewed the new grave with flowers, and round it
 set
 Shrubs that all winter held their lively green.
 Time passed ; the grief with which their hearts were
 wrung

Waned to a gentle sorrow. Sella, now,
 Was often absent from the patriarch's board;
 The slippers hung no longer in the porch;
 And sometimes after summer nights her couch
 Was found unpressed at dawn, and well they knew
 That she was wandering with the race who make
 Their dwelling in the waters. Oft her looks
 Fixed on blank space, and oft the ill-suited word
 Told that her thoughts were far away. In vain
 Her brothers reasoned with her tenderly:
 "Oh leave not thus thy kindred!" so they prayed;
 "Dear Sella, now that she who gave us birth
 Is in her grave, oh go not hence, to seek
 Companions in that strange cold realm below,
 For which God made not us nor thee, but stay
 To be the grace and glory of our home."
 She looked at them with those mild eyes and
 wept,
 But said no word in answer, nor refrained
 From those mysterious wanderings that filled
 Their loving hearts with a perpetual pain.
 And now the younger sister, fair and shy,
 Had grown to early womanhood, and one
 Who loved her well had wooed her for his bride,
 And she had named the wedding-day. The herd
 Had given its fatlings for the marriage-feast;
 The roadside garden and the secret glen
 Were rifled of their sweetest flowers to twine

The door-posts, and to lie among the locks
 Of maids, the wedding-guests, and from the boughs
 Of mountain-orchards had the fairest fruit
 Been plucked to glisten in the canisters.

Then, trooping over hill and valley, came
 Matron and maid, grave men and smiling youths,
 Like swallows gathering for their autumn flight,
 In costumes of that simpler age they came,
 That gave the limbs large play, and wrapped the
 form

In easy folds, yet bright with glowing hues
 As suited holidays. All hastened on
 To that glad bridal. There already stood
 The priest prepared to say the spousal rite,
 And there the harpers in due order sat,
 And there the singers. Sella, midst them all,
 Moved strangely and serenely beautiful,
 With clear blue eyes, fair locks, and brow and cheek
 Colorless as the lily of the lakes,
 Yet moulded to such shape as artists give
 To beings of immortal youth. Her hands
 Had decked her sister for the bridal hour
 With chosen flowers, and lawn whose delicate threads
 Vied with the spider's spinning. There she stood
 With such a gentle pleasure in her looks
 As might beseem a river-nymph's soft eyes
 Gracing a bridal of the race whose flocks
 Were pastured on the borders of her stream.

She smiled, but from that calm sweet face the
smile

Was soon to pass away. That very morn
The elder of the brothers, as he stood
Upon the hillside, had beheld the maid,
Emerging from the channel of the brook,
With three fresh water-lilies in her hand,
Wring dry her dripping locks, and in a cleft
Of hanging rock, beside a screen of boughs,
Bestow the spangled slippers. None before
Had known where Sella hid them. Then she laid
The light-brown tresses smooth, and in them twined
The lily-buds, and hastily drew forth
And threw across her shoulders a light robe
Wrought for the bridal, and with bounding steps
Ran toward the lodge. The youth beheld and marked
The spot and slowly followed from afar.

Now had the marriage-rite been said; the bride
Stood in the blush that from her burning cheek
Glowed down the alabaster neck, as morn
Crimsons the pearly heaven half-way to the west.
At once the harpers struck their chords; a gush
Of music broke upon the air; the youths
All started to the dance. Among them moved
The queenly Sella with a grace that seemed
Caught from the swaying of the summer sea.
The young drew forth the elders to the dance,
Who joined it half abashed, but when they felt

The joyous music tingling in their veins,
 They called for quaint old measures, which they trod
 As gayly as in youth, and far abroad
 Came through the open windows cheerful shouts
 And bursts of laughter. They who heard the sound
 Upon the mountain footpaths paused and said,
 "A merry wedding." Lovers stole away
 That sunny afternoon to bowers that edged
 The garden-walks, and what was whispered there
 The lovers of these later times can guess.

Meanwhile the brothers, when the merry din
 Was loudest, stole to where the slippers lay,
 And took them thence, and followed down the brook
 To where a little rapid rushed between
 Its borders of smooth rock, and dropped them in.
 The rivulet, as they touched its face, flung up
 Its small bright waves like hands, and seemed to take
 The prize with eagerness and draw it down.
 They, gleaming through the waters as they went,
 And striking with light sound the shining stones,
 Slid down the stream. The brothers looked and watched,
 And listened with full beating hearts, till now
 The sight and sound had passed, and silently
 And half repentant hastened to the lodge.

The sun was near his set; the music rang
 Within the dwelling still, but the mirth waned;
 For groups of guests were sauntering toward their
 homes

Across the fields, and far, on hillside paths,
Gleamed the white robes of maidens. Sella grew
Weary of the long merriment; she thought
Of her still haunts beneath the soundless sea,
And all unseen withdrew and sought the cleft
Where she had laid the slippers. They were gone!
She searched the brookside near, yet found them not.
Then her heart sank within her, and she ran
Wildly from place to place, and once again
She searched the secret cleft, and next she stooped
And with spread palms felt carefully beneath
The tufted herbs and bushes, and again,
And yet again, she searched the rocky cleft.
"Who could have taken them?" That question cleared
The mystery. She remembered suddenly
That when the dance was in its gayest whirl,
Her brothers were not seen, and when, at length,
They reappeared, the elder joined the sports
With shouts of boisterous mirth, and from her eye
The younger shrank in silence. "Now, I know
The guilty ones," she said, and left the spot,
And stood before the youths with such a look
Of anguish and reproach that well they knew
Her thought, and almost wished the deed undone.

Frankly they owned the charge: "And pardon us;
We did it all in love; we could not bear
That the cold world of waters and the strange
Beings that dwell within it should beguile

Our sister from us." Then they told her all;
 How they had seen her stealthily bestow
 The slippers in the cleft, and how by stealth
 They took them thence and bore them down the
 brook,

And dropped them in, and how the eager waves
 Gathered and drew them down; but at that word
 The maiden shrieked—a broken-hearted shriek—
 And all who heard it shuddered and turned pale
 At the despairing cry, and "They are gone,"
 She said, "gone—gone forever! Cruel ones!
 'Tis you who shut me out eternally
 From that serener world which I had learned
 To love so well. Why took ye not my life?
 Ye cannot know what ye have done!" She spake
 And hurried to her chamber, and the guests
 Who yet had lingered silently withdrew.

The brothers followed to the maiden's bower,
 But with a calm demeanor, as they came,
 She met them at the door. "The wrong is great,"
 She said, "that ye have done me, but no power
 Have ye to make it less, nor yet to soothe
 My sorrow; I shall bear it as I may,
 The better for the hours that I have passed
 In the calm region of the middle sea.
 Go, then. I need you not." They, overawed,
 Withdrew from that grave presence. Then her tears
 Broke forth a flood, as when the August cloud,

Darkening beside the mountain, suddenly
 Melts into streams of rain. That weary night
 She paced her chamber, murmuring as she walked,
 "O peaceful region of the middle sea!
 O azure bowers and grots, in which I loved
 To roam and rest! Am I to long for you,
 And think how strangely beautiful ye are,
 Yet never see you more? And dearer yet,
 Ye gentle ones in whose sweet company
 I trod the shelly pavements of the deep,
 And swam its currents, creatures with calm eyes
 Looking the tenderest love, and voices soft
 As ripple of light waves along the shore,
 Uttering the tenderest words! Oh! ne'er again
 Shall I, in your mild aspects, read the peace
 That dwells within, and vainly shall I pine
 To hear your sweet low voices. Haply now
 Ye miss me in your deep-sea home, and think
 Of me with pity, as of one condemned
 To haunt this upper world, with its harsh sounds
 And glaring lights, its withering heats, its frosts,
 Cruel and killing, its delirious strifes,
 And all its feverish passions, till I die."

So mourned she the long night, and when the
 morn
 Brightened the mountains, from her lattice looked
 The maiden on a world that was to her
 A desolate and dreary waste. That day

She passed in wandering by the brook that oft
 Had been her pathway to the sea, and still
 Seemed, with its cheerful murmur, to invite
 Her footsteps thither. "Well mayst thou rejoice,
 Fortunate stream!" she said, "and dance along
 Thy bed, and make thy course one ceaseless strain
 Of music, for thou journeyest toward the deep,
 To which I shall return no more." The night
 Brought her to her lone chamber, and she knelt
 And prayed, with many tears, to Him whose hand
 Touches the wounded heart and it is healed.
 With prayer there came new thoughts and new
 desires.

She asked for patience and a deeper love
 For those with whom her lot was henceforth cast,
 And that in acts of mercy she might lose
 The sense of her own sorrow. When she rose
 A weight was lifted from her heart. She sought
 Her couch, and slept a long and peaceful sleep.
 At morn she woke to a new life. Her days
 Henceforth were given to quiet tasks of good
 In the great world. Men hearkened to her words,
 And wondered at their wisdom and obeyed,
 And saw how beautiful the law of love
 Can make the cares and toils of daily life.

Still did she love to haunt the springs and brooks
 As in her cheerful childhood, and she taught
 The skill to pierce the soil and meet the veins

Of clear cold water winding underneath,
And call them forth to daylight. From afar
She bade men bring the rivers on long rows
Of pillared arches to the sultry town,
And on the hot air of the summer fling
The spray of dashing fountains. To relieve
Their weary hands, she showed them how to tame
The rushing stream, and make him drive the wheel
That whirls the humming millstone and that wields
The ponderous sledge. The waters of the cloud,
That drench the hillside in the time of rains,
Were gathered, at her bidding, into pools,
And in the months of drought led forth again,
In glimmering rivulets, to refresh the vales,
Till the sky darkened with returning showers.

So passed her life, a long and blameless life,
And far and near her name was named with love
And reverence. Still she kept, as age came on,
Her stately presence; still her eyes looked forth
From under their calm brows as brightly clear
As the transparent wells by which she sat
So oft in childhood. Still she kept her fair
Unwrinkled features, though her locks were white.
A hundred times had summer, since her birth,
Opened the water-lily on the lakes,
So old traditions tell, before she died.
A hundred cities mourned her, and her death
Saddened the pastoral valleys. By the brook,

That bickering ran beside the cottage-door
Where she was born, they reared her monument.
Ere long the current parted and flowed round
The marble base, forming a little isle,
And there the flowers that love the running stream,
Iris and orchis, and the cardinal-flower,
Crowded and hung caressingly around
The stone engraved with Sella's honored name.

Roslyn, 1862.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW.

*A*LICE.—One of your old-world stories, Uncle John,

Such as you tell us by the winter fire,
Till we all wonder it is grown so late.

Uncle John.—The story of the witch that ground to death

Two children in her mill, or will you have
The tale of Goody Cutpurse?

Alice.— Nay now, nay ;
Those stories are too childish, Uncle John,
Too childish even for little Willy here,
And I am older, two good years, than he ;
No, let us have a tale of elves that ride,
By night, with jingling reins, or gnomes of the mine,
Or water-fairies, such as you know how
To spin, till Willy's eyes forget to wink,
And good Aunt Mary, busy as she is,
Lays down her knitting.

Uncle John.— Listen to me, then.
'Twas in the olden time, long, long ago,

And long before the great oak at our door
 Was yet an acorn, on a mountain's side
 Lived, with his wife, a cottager. They dwelt
 Beside a glen and near a dashing brook,
 A pleasant spot in spring, where first the wren
 Was heard to chatter, and, among the grass,
 Flowers opened earliest; but when winter came,
 That little brook was fringed with other flowers,—
 White flowers, with crystal leaf and stem, that grew
 In clear November nights. And, later still,
 That mountain-glen was filled with drifted snows
 From side to side, that one might walk across;
 While, many a fathom deep, below, the brook
 Sang to itself, and leaped and trotted on
 Unfrozen, o'er its pebbles, toward the vale.

Alice.—A mountain-side, you said; the Alps, perhaps,
 Or our own Alleghanies.

Uncle John.— Not so fast,
 My young geographer, for then the Alps,
 With their broad pastures, haply were untrod
 Of herdsman's foot, and never human voice
 Had sounded in the woods that overhang
 Our Alleghany's streams. I think it was
 Upon the slopes of the great Caucasus,
 Or where the rivulets of Ararat
 Seek the Armenian vales. That mountain rose
 So high, that, on its top, the winter-snow
 ; never melted, and the cottagers

Among the summer-blossoms, far below,
Saw its white peaks in August from their door.

One little maiden, in that cottage-home,
Dwelt with her parents, light of heart and limb,
Bright, restless, thoughtless, flitting here and there,
Like sunshine on the uneasy ocean-waves,
And sometimes she forgot what she was bid,
As Alice does.

Alice.— Or Willy, quite as oft.

Uncle John.—But you are older, Alice, two good
years,

And should be wiser. Eva was the name
Of this young maiden, now twelve summers old.

Now you must know that, in those early times,
When autumn days grew pale, there came a troop
Of childlike forms from that cold mountain-top;
With trailing garments through the air they came,
Or walked the ground with girded loins, and threw
Spangles of silvery frost upon the grass,
And edged the brooks with glistening parapets,
And built it crystal bridges, touched the pool,
And turned its face to glass, or, rising thence,
They shook from their full laps the soft, light snow,
And buried the great earth, as autumn winds
Bury the forest-floor in heaps of leaves.

A beautiful race were they, with baby brows,
And fair, bright locks, and voices like the sound
Of steps on the crisp snow, in which they talked

With man, as friend with friend. A merry sight
 It was, when, crowding round the traveller,
 They smote him with their heaviest snow-flakes, flung
 Needles of frost in handfuls at his cheeks,
 And, of the light wreaths of his smoking breath,
 Wove a white fringe for his brown beard, and laughed
 Their slender laugh to see him wink and grin
 And make grim faces as he floundered on.

But, when the spring came on, what terror reigned
 Among these Little People of the Snow!
 To them the sun's warm beams were shafts of fire,
 And the soft south-wind was the wind of death.
 Away they flew, all with a pretty scowl
 Upon their childish faces, to the north,
 Or scampered upward to the mountain's top,
 And there defied their enemy, the Spring;
 Skipping and dancing on the frozen peaks,
 And moulding little snow-balls in their palms,
 And rolling them, to crush her flowers below,
 Down the steep snow-fields.

Alice.— That, too, must have been
 A merry sight to look at.

Uncle John.— You are right,
 But I must speak of graver matters now.

Midwinter was the time, and Eva stood,
 Within the cottage, all prepared to dare
 The outer cold, with ample furry robe
 Close-belted round her waist, and boots of fur,

And a broad kerchief, which her mother's hand
 Had closely drawn about her ruddy cheek.
 "Now, stay not long abroad," said the good dame,
 "For sharp is the outer air, and, mark me well,
 Go not upon the snow beyond the spot
 Where the great linden bounds the neighboring field."

The little maiden promised, and went forth,
 And climbed the rounded snow-swells firm with frost
 Beneath her feet, and slid, with balancing arms,
 Into the hollows. Once, as up a drift
 She slowly rose, before her, in the way,
 She saw a little creature, lily-cheeked,
 With flowing flaxen locks, and faint blue eyes,
 That gleamed like ice, and robe that only seemed
 Of a more shadowy whiteness than her cheek.
 On a smooth bank she sat.

Alice.— She must have been
 One of your Little People of the Snow.

Uncle John.—She was so, and, as Eva now drew near,
 The tiny creature bounded from her seat ;
 "And come," she said, "my pretty friend ; to-day
 We will be playmates. I have watched thee long,
 And seen how well thou lov'st to walk these drifts,
 And scoop their fair sides into little cells,
 And carve them with quaint figures, huge-limbed men,
 Lions, and griffins. We will have, to-day,
 A merry ramble over these bright fields,
 And thou shalt see what thou hast never seen."

On went the pair, until they reached the bound
 Where the great linden stood, set deep in snow,
 Up to the lower branches. "Here we stop,"
 Said Eva, "for my mother has my word
 That I will go no farther than this tree."
 Then the snow-maiden laughed: "And what is
 this?"

This fear of the pure snow, the innocent snow,
 That never harmed aught living? Thou mayst
 roam

For leagues beyond this garden, and return
 In safety; here the grim wolf never prowls,
 And here the eagle of our mountain-crag
 Preys not in winter. I will show the way,
 And bring thee safely home. Thy mother, sure,
 Counsell'd thee thus because thou hadst no guide."

By such smooth words was Eva won to break
 Her promise, and went on with her new friend,
 Over the glistening snow and down a bank
 Where a white shelf, wrought by the eddying wind,
 Like to a billow's crest in the great sea,
 Curtained an opening. "Look, we enter here."
 And straight, beneath the fair o'erhanging fold,
 Entered the little pair that hill of snow,
 Walking along a passage with white walls,
 And a white vault above where snow-stars shed
 A wintry twilight. Eva moved in awe,
 And held her peace, but the snow-maiden smiled,

And talked and tripped along, as down the way,
Deeper they went into that mountainous drift.

And now the white walls widened, and the vault
Swelled upward, like some vast cathedral-dome,
Such as the Florentine, who bore the name
Of heaven's most potent angel, reared, long since,
Or the unknown builder of that wondrous fane,
The glory of Burgos. Here a garden lay,
In which the Little People of the Snow
Were wont to take their pastime when their tasks
Upon the mountain's side and in the clouds
Were ended. Here they taught the silent frost
To mock, in stem and spray, and leaf and flower,
The growths of summer. Here the palm upreared
Its white columnar trunk and spotless sheaf
Of plume-like leaves; here cedars, huge as those
Of Lebanon, stretched far their level boughs,
Yet pale and shadowless; the sturdy oak
Stood, with its huge gnarled roots of seeming strength,
Fast anchored in the glistening bank; light sprays
Of myrtle, roses in their bud and bloom,
Drooped by the winding walks; yet all seemed
wrought
Of stainless alabaster; up the trees
Ran the lithe jessamine, with stalk and leaf
Colorless as her flowers. "Go softly on,"
Said the snow-maiden; "touch not, with thy hand,
The frail creation round thee, and beware

To sweep it with thy skirts. Now look above.
How sumptuously these bowers are lighted up
With shifting gleams that softly come and go!
These are the northern lights, such as thou seest
In the midwinter nights, cold, wandering flames,
That float with our processions, through the air;
And here, within our winter palaces,
Mimic the glorious daybreak." Then she told
How, when the wind, in the long winter nights,
Swept the light snows into the hollow dell,
She and her comrades guided to its place
Each wandering flake, and piled them quaintly up,
In shapely colonnade and glistening arch,
With shadowy aisles between, or bade them grow,
Beneath their little hands, to bowery walks
In gardens such as these, and, o'er them all,
Built the broad roof. "But thou hast yet to see
A fairer sight," she said, and led the way
To where a window of pellucid ice
Stood in the wall of snow, beside their path.
"Look, but thou mayst not enter." Eva looked,
And lo! a glorious hall, from whose high vault
Stripes of soft light, ruddy and delicate green,
And tender blue, flowed downward to the floor
And far around, as if the ærial hosts,
That march on high by night, with beamy spears,
And streaming banners, to that place had brought
Their radiant flags to grace a festival.

And in that hall a joyous multitude
 Of those by whom its glistening walls were reared,
 Whirled in a merry dance to silvery sounds,
 That rang from cymbals of transparent ice,
 And ice-cups, quivering to the skilful touch
 Of little fingers. Round and round they flew,
 As when, in spring, about a chimney-top,
 A cloud of twittering swallows, just returned,
 Wheel round and round, and turn and wheel again,
 Unwinding their swift track. So rapidly
 Flowed the meandering stream of that fair dance,
 Beneath that dome of light. Bright eyes that looked
 From under lily-brows, and gauzy scarfs
 Sparkling like snow-wreaths in the early sun,
 Shot by the window in their mazy whirl.
 And there stood Eva, wondering at the sight
 Of those bright revellers and that graceful sweep
 Of motion as they passed her;—long she gazed,
 And listened long to the sweet sounds that thrilled
 The frosty air, till now the encroaching cold
 Recalled her to herself. "Too long, too long
 I linger here," she said, and then she sprang
 Into the path, and with a hurried step
 Followed it upward. Ever by her side
 Her little guide kept pace. As on they went,
 Eva bemoaned her fault: "What must they think—
 The dear ones in the cottage, while so long,
 Hour after hour, I stay without? I know

That they will seek me far and near, and weep
To find me not. How could I, wickedly,
Neglect the charge they gave me?" As she spoke,
The hot tears started to her eyes; she knelt
In the mid-path. "Father! forgive this sin;
Forgive myself I cannot"—thus she prayed,
And rose and hastened onward. When, at last,
They reached the outer air, the clear north breathed
A bitter cold, from which she shrank with dread,
But the snow-maiden bounded as she felt
The cutting blast, and uttered shouts of joy,
And skipped, with boundless glee, from drift to drift,
And danced round Eva, as she labored up
The mounds of snow. "Ah me! I feel my eyes
Grow heavy," Eva said; "they swim with sleep;
I cannot walk for utter weariness,
And I must rest a moment on this bank,
But let it not be long." As thus she spoke,
In half formed words, she sank on the smooth snow,
With closing lids. Her guide composed the robe
About her limbs, and said: "A pleasant spot
Is this to slumber in; on such a couch
Oft have I slept away the winter night,
And had the sweetest dreams." So Eva slept,
But slept in death; for when the power of frost
Locks up the motions of the living frame,
The victim passes to the realm of Death
Through the dim porch of Sleep. The little guide,

Watching beside her, saw the hues of life
Fade from the fair smooth brow and rounded cheek,
As fades the crimson from a morning cloud,
Till they were white as marble, and the breath
Had ceased to come and go, yet knew she not
At first that this was death. But when she marked
How deep the paleness was, how motionless
That once lithe form, a fear came over her.
She strove to wake the sleeper, plucked her robe,
And shouted in her ear, but all in vain;
The life had passed away from those young limbs.
Then the snow-maiden raised a wailing cry,
Such as the dweller in some lonely wild,
Sleepless through all the long December night,
Hears when the mournful east begins to blow.

But suddenly was heard the sound of steps,
Grating on the crisp snow; the cottagers
Were seeking Eva; from afar they saw
The twain, and hurried toward them. As they came
With gentle chidings ready on their lips,
And marked that deathlike sleep, and heard the tale
Of the snow-maiden, mortal anguish fell
Upon their hearts, and bitter words of grief
And blame were uttered: "Cruel, cruel one,
To tempt our daughter thus, and cruel we,
Who suffered her to wander forth alone
In this fierce cold!" They lifted the dear child,
And bore her home and chafed her tender limbs,

And strove, by all the simple arts they knew,
 To make the chilled blood move, and win the breath
 Back to her bosom; fruitlessly they strove;
 The little maid was dead. In blank despair
 They stood, and gazed at her who never more
 Should look on them. "Why die we not with
 her?"

They said; "without her, life is bitterness."

Now came the funeral-day; the simple folk
 Of all that pastoral region gathered round
 To share the sorrow of the cottagers.
 They carved a way into the mound of snow
 To the glen's side, and dug a little grave
 In the smooth slope, and, following the bier,
 In long procession from the silent door,
 Chanted a sad and solemn melody:

"Lay her away to rest within the ground.
 Yea, lay her down whose pure and innocent life
 Was spotless as these snows; for she was reared
 In love, and passed in love life's pleasant spring,
 And all that now our tenderest love can do
 Is to give burial to her lifeless limbs."

They paused. A thousand slender voices round,
 Like echoes softly flung from rock and hill,
 Took up the strain, and all the hollow air
 Seemed mourning for the dead; for, on that day,
 The Little People of the Snow had come,
 Mountain-peak, and cloud, and icy hall,

To Eva's burial. As the murmur died,
The funeral-train renewed the solemn chant :

"Thou, Lord, hast taken her to be with Eve,
Whose gentle name was given her. Even so,
For so Thy wisdom saw that it was best
For her and us. We bring our bleeding hearts,
And ask the touch of healing from Thy hand,
As, with submissive tears, we render back
The lovely and beloved to Him who gave."

They ceased. Again the plaintive murmur rose.
From shadowy skirts of low-hung cloud it came,
And wide white fields, and fir-trees capped with
snow,

Shivering to the sad sounds. They sank away
To silence in the dim-seen distant woods.

The little grave was closed ; the funeral-train
Departed ; winter wore away ; the Spring
Steeped, with her quickening rains, the violet-tufts,
By fond hands planted where the maiden slept.
But, after Eva's burial, never more
The Little People of the Snow were seen
By human eye, nor ever human ear
Heard from their lips articulate speech again ;
For a decree went forth to cut them off,
Forever, from communion with mankind.
The winter-clouds, along the mountain-side,
Rolled downward toward the vale, but no fair form
Leaned from their folds, and, in the icy glens,

And aged woods, under snow-loaded pines,
Where once they made their haunt, was emptiness.

But ever, when the wintry days drew near,
Around that little grave, in the long night,
Frost-wreaths were laid and tufts of silvery rime
In shape like blades and blossoms of the field,
As one would scatter flowers upon a bier.

Roslyn, 1863.

"Thirty Poems," 1864.

THE POET.

THOU, who wouldst wear the name
Of poet mid thy brethren of mankind,
And clothe in words of flame
Thoughts that shall live within the general mind!
Deem not the framing of a deathless lay
The pastime of a drowsy summer day.

But gather all thy powers,
And wreak them on the verse that thou dost weave,
And in thy lonely hours,
At silent morning or at wakeful eve,
While the warm current tingles through thy veins,
Set forth the burning words in fluent strains.

No smooth array of phrase,
Artfully sought and ordered though it be,
Which the cold rhymers lay
Upon his page with languid industry,
Can wake the listless pulse to livelier speed,
Or fill with sudden tears the eyes that read.

The secret wouldst thou know

To touch the heart or fire the blood at will?
Let thine own eyes o'erflow;

Let thy lips quiver with the passionate thrill;
Seize the great thought, ere yet its power be past,
And bind, in words, the fleet emotion fast.

Then, should thy verse appear

Halting and harsh, and all unaptly wrought,
Touch the crude line with fear,

Save in the moment of impassioned thought;
Then summon back the original glow, and mend
The strain with rapture that with fire was penned.

Yet let no empty gust

Of passion find an utterance in thy lay,
A blast that whirls the dust

Along the howling street and dies away;
But feelings of calm power and mighty sweep,
Like currents journeying through the windless deep.

Seek'st thou, in living lays,

To limn the beauty of the earth and sky?
Before thine inner gaze

Let all that beauty in clear vision lie;
Look on it with exceeding love, and write
The words inspired by wonder and delight.

Of tempests wouldst thou sing,

Or tell of battles—make thyself a part
Of the great tumult; cling

To the tossed wreck with terror in thy heart;
Scale, with the assaulting host, the rampart's height,
And strike and struggle in the thickest fight.

So shalt thou frame a lay

That haply may endure from age to age,
And they who read shall say:

“What witchery hangs upon this poet's page!
What art is his the written spells to find
That sway from mood to mood the willing mind!”

Roslyn, 1863.

“Thirty Poems,” 1864.

THE PATH.

THE path we planned beneath October's sky,
Along the hillside, through the woodland shade,
Is finished; thanks to thee, whose kindly eye
Has watched me, as I plied the busy spade;
Else had I wearied, ere this path of ours
Had pierced the woodland to its inner bowers.

Yet, 'twas a pleasant toil to trace and beat,
Among the glowing trees, this winding way,
While the sweet autumn sunshine, doubly sweet,
Flushed with the ruddy foliage, round us lay,
As if some gorgeous cloud of morning stood,
In glory, mid the arches of the wood.

A path! what beauty does a path bestow
Even on the dreariest wild! its savage nooks
Seem homelike where accustomed footsteps go,
And the grim rock puts on familiar looks.
The tangled swamp, through which a pathway strays,
Becomes a garden with strange flowers and sprays.

See from the weedy earth a rivulet break
 And purl along the untrodden wilderness;
 There the shy cuckoo comes his thirst to slake,
 There the shrill jay alights his plumes to dress;
 And there the stealthy fox, when morn is gray,
 Laps the clear stream and lightly moves away.

But let a path approach that fountain's brink,
 And nobler forms of life, behold! are there:
 Boys kneeling with protruded lips to drink,
 And slender maids that homeward slowly bear
 The brimming pail, and busy dames that lay
 Their webs to whiten in the summer ray.

Then know we that for herd and flock are poured
 Those pleasant streams that o'er the pebbles slip;
 Those pure sweet waters sparkle on the board;
 Those fresh cool waters wet the sick man's lip;
 Those clear bright waters from the font are shed,
 In dews of baptism, on the infant's head.

What different steps the rural footway trace!
 The laborer afield at early day;
 The schoolboy sauntering with uneven pace;
 The Sunday worshipper in fresh array;
 And mourner in the weeds of sorrow drest;
 And, smiling to himself, the wedding guest.

There he who cons a speech and he who hums
His yet unfinished verses, musing walk.
There, with her little brood, the matron comes,
To break the spring flower from its juicy stalk;
And lovers, loitering, wonder that the moon
Has risen upon their pleasant stroll so soon.

Bewildered in vast woods, the traveller feels
His heavy heart grow lighter, if he meet
The traces of a path, and straight he kneels,
And kisses the dear print of human feet,
And thanks his God, and journeys without fear,
For now he knows the abodes of men are near.

Pursue the slenderest path across a lawn:
Lo! on the broad highway it issues forth,
And, blended with the greater track, goes on,
Over the surface of the mighty earth,
Climbs hills and crosses vales, and stretches far,
Through silent forests, toward the evening star—

And enters cities murmuring with the feet
Of multitudes, and wanders forth again,
And joins the climes of frost to climes of heat,
Binds East to West, and marries main to main,
Nor stays till at the long-resounding shore
Of the great deep, where paths are known no more.

Oh, mighty instinct, that dost thus unite
Earth's neighborhoods and tribes with friendly bands,
What guilt is theirs who, in their greed or spite,
Undo thy holy work with violent hands,
And post their squadrons, nursed in war's grim trade,
To bar the ways for mutual succor made!

Roslyn, 1863.

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

I HEAR, from many a little throat,
A warble interrupted long ;
I hear the robin's flute-like note,
The bluebird's slenderer song.

Brown meadows and the russet hill,
Not yet the haunt of grazing herds,
And thickets by the glimmering rill,
Are all alive with birds.

Oh choir of spring, why come so soon ?
On leafless grove and herbless lawn
Warm lie the yellow beams of noon ;
Yet winter is not gone.

For frost shall sheet the pools again ;
Again the blustering East shall blow—
Whirl a white tempest through the glen,
And load the pines with snow.

Yet, haply, from the region where,
 Waked by an earlier spring than here,
 The blossomed wild-plum scents the air,
 Ye come in haste and fear.

/ For there is heard the bugle-blast,
 The booming gun, the jarring drum,
 And on their chargers, spurring fast,
 Armed warriors go and come.

There mighty hosts have pitched the camp
 In valleys that were yours till then,
 And Earth has shuddered to the tramp
 Of half a million men!

In groves where once ye used to sing,
 In orchards where ye had your birth,
 A thousand glittering axes swing
 To smite the trees to earth.

Ye love the fields by ploughmen trod;
 But there, when sprouts the beechen spray,
 The soldier only breaks the sod
 To hide the slain away.

Stay, then, beneath our ruder sky;
 Heed not the storm-clouds rising black,
 Nor yelling winds that with them fly;
 Nor let them fright you back,—

Back to the stifling battle-cloud,
To burning towns that blot the day,
And trains of mounting dust that shroud
The armies on their way.

Stay, for a tint of green shall creep
Soon o'er the orchard's grassy floor,
And from its bed the crocus peep
Beside the housewife's door.

Here build, and dread no harsher sound,
To scare you from the sheltering tree,
Than winds that stir the branches round,
And murmur of the bee.

And we will pray that, ere again
The flowers of autumn bloom and die,
Our generals and their strong-armed men
May lay their weapons by.

Then may ye warble, unafraid,
Where hands, that wear the fetter now,
Free as your wings shall ply the spade,
And guide the peaceful plough.

Then, as our conquering hosts return,
What shouts of jubilee shall break
From placid vale and mountain stern,
And shore of mighty lake!

And midland plain and ocean-strand
Shall thunder: "Glory to the brave,
Peace to the torn and bleeding land,
And freedom to the slave!"

Roslyn, March, 1864.

"Atlantic Monthly," July, 1864.

MY AUTUMN WALK.

O N woodlands ruddy with autumn.
The amber sunshine lies ;
I look on the beauty round me,
And tears come into my eyes.

For the wind that sweeps the meadows
Blows out of the far Southwest,
(Where our gallant men are fighting,
And the gallant dead are at rest.

The golden-rod is leaning,
And the purple aster waves,
In a breeze from the land of battles,
A breath from the land of graves.

Full fast the leaves are dropping
Before that wandering breath ;
As fast, on the field of battle,
Our brethren fall in death.

Beautiful over my pathway
The forest spoils are shed ;
They are spotting the grassy hillocks
With purple and gold and red.

Beautiful is the death-sleep
Of those who bravely fight
In their country's holy quarrel,
And perish for the Right.

But who shall comfort the living,
The light of whose homes is gone :
The bride that, early widowed,
Lives broken-hearted on ;

The matron whose sons are lying
In graves on a distant shore ;
The maiden, whose promised husband
Comes back from the war no more ?

I look on the peaceful dwellings
Whose windows glimmer in sight,
With croft and garden and orchard,
That bask in the mellow light ;

And I know that, when our couriers
With news of victory come,
They will bring a bitter message
Of hopeless grief to some.

Again I turn to the woodlands,
 And shudder as I see
 The mock-grape's blood-red banner
 Hung out on the cedar-tree;

And I think of days of slaughter,
 And the night-sky red with flames,
 On the Chattahoochee's meadows,
 And the wasted banks of the James.

Oh, for the fresh spring-season,
 When the groves are in their prime;
 And far away in the future
 Is the frosty autumn-time!

Oh, for that better season,
 When the pride of the foe shall yield,
 And the hosts of God and Freedom
 March back from the well-won field;

And the matron shall clasp her first-born
 With tears of joy and pride;
 And the scarred and war-worn lover
 Shall claim his promised bride!

The leaves are swept from the branches;
 But the living buds are there,
 With folded flower and foliage,
 To sprout in a kinder air.

Roslyn, October, 1864.

"Atlantic Monthly," January, 1865.

DANTE.

WHO, mid the grasses of the field
That spring beneath our careless feet,
First found the shining stems that yield
The grains of life-sustaining wheat :

Who first, upon the furrowed land,
Strewed the bright grains to sprout, and grow,
And ripen for the reaper's hand—
We know not, and we cannot know.

But well we know the hand that brought
And scattered, far as sight can reach,
The seeds of free and living thought
On the broad field of modern speech.

Mid the white hills that round us lie,
We cherish that Great Sower's fame,
And, as we pile the sheaves on high,
With awe we utter Dante's name.

Six centuries, since the poet's birth,
Have come and flitted o'er our sphere :
The richest harvest reaped on earth
Crowns the last century's closing year.

New York, 1865.

"Atlantic Monthly," January, 1866.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. *Am*

O H, slow to smite and swift to spare,
 Gentle and merciful and just!
 Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
 The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
 Amid the awe that hushes all,
 And speak the anguish of a land
 That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
 We bear thee to an honored grave,
 Whose proudest monument shall be
 The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
 Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
 Among the noble host of those
 Who perished in the cause of Right.

New York, April, 1865.

THE DEATH OF SLAVERY.

O THOU great Wrong, that, through the slow-
 paced years,
 Didst hold thy millions fettered, and didst wield
 The scourge that drove the laborer to the field,
 And turn a stony gaze on human tears,
 Thy cruel reign is o'er;
 Thy bondmen crouch no more
 In terror at the menace of thine eye;
 For He who marks the bounds of guilty power,
 Long-suffering, hath heard the captive's cry,
 And touched his shackles at the appointed hour,
 And lo! they fall, and he whose limbs they galled
 Stands in his native manhood, disenthralled.

A shout of joy from the redeemed is sent;
 Ten thousand hamlets swell the hymn of thanks;
 Our rivers roll exulting, and their banks
 Send up hosannas to the firmament!
 Fields where the bondman's toil
 No more shall trench the soil,

Seem now to bask in a serener day ;
 The meadow-birds sing sweeter, and the airs
 Of heaven with more caressing softness play,
 Welcoming man to liberty like theirs.
 A glory clothes the land from sea to sea,
 For the great land and all its coasts are free.

Within that land wert thou enthroned of late,
 And they by whom the nation's laws were made,
 And they who filled its judgment-seats obeyed
 Thy mandate, rigid as the will of Fate.
 Fierce men at thy right hand,
 With gesture of command,
 Gave forth the word that none might dare gainsay ;
 And grave and reverend ones, who loved thee not,
 Shrank from thy presence, and in blank dismay
 Choked down, unuttered, the rebellious thought ;
 While meaner cowards, mingling with thy train,
 Proved, from the book of God, thy right to reign.

Great as thou wert, and feared from shore to shore,
 The wrath of Heaven o'ertook thee in thy pride ;
 Thou sitt'st a ghastly shadow ; by thy side
 Thy once strong arms hang nerveless evermore.
 And they who quailed but now
 Before thy lowering brow,

Devote thy memory to scorn and shame,
 And scoff at the pale, powerless thing thou art.
 And they who ruled in thine imperial name,
 Subdued, and standing sullenly apart,
 Scowl at the hands that overthrew thy reign,
 And shattered at a blow the prisoner's chain.

Well was thy doom deserved; thou didst not spare
 Life's tenderest ties, but cruelly didst part
 Husband and wife, and from the mother's heart
 Didst wrest her children, deaf to shriek and prayer;
 Thy inner lair became
 The haunt of guilty shame;
 Thy lash dropped blood; the murderer, at thy side,
 Showed his red hands, nor feared the vengeance due.
 Thou didst sow earth with crimes, and, far and wide,
 A harvest of uncounted miseries grew,
 Until the measure of thy sins at last
 Was full, and then the avenging bolt was cast!

Go now, accursed of God, and take thy place
 With hateful memories of the elder time,
 With many a wasting plague, and nameless crime,
 And bloody war that thinned the human race;
 With the Black Death, whose way
 Through wailing cities lay,

Worship of Moloch, tyrannies that built
 The Pyramids, and cruel creeds that taught
 To avenge a fancied guilt by deeper guilt—
 Death at the stake to those that held them not.
 Lo! the foul phantoms, silent in the gloom
 Of the flown ages, part to yield thee room.

I see the better years that hasten by
 Carry thee back into that shadowy past,
 Where, in the dusty spaces, void and vast,
 The graves of those whom thou hast murdered lie.
 The slave-pen, through whose door
 Thy victims pass no more,
 Is there, and there shall the grim block remain
 At which the slave was sold; while at thy feet
 Scourges and engines of restraint and pain
 Moulder and rust by thine eternal seat.
 There, mid the symbols that proclaim thy crimes,
 Dwell thou, a warning to the coming times.

Roslyn, May, 1866.

"Atlantic Monthly," July, 1866.

OCTOBER, 1866.

'T WAS when the earth in summer glory lay,
We bore thee to thy grave; a sudden cloud
Had shed its shower and passed, and every spray
And tender herb with pearly moisture bowed.

How laughed the fields, and how, before our door,
Danced the bright waters!—from his perch on high
The hang-bird sang his ditty o'er and o'er,
And the song-sparrow from the shrubberies nigh.

Yet was the home where thou wert lying dead
Mournfully still, save when, at times, was heard,
From room to room, some softly-moving tread,
Or murmur of some softly-uttered word.

Feared they to break thy slumber? As we threw
A look on that bright bay and glorious shore,
Our hearts were wrung with anguish, for we knew
Those sleeping eyes would look on them no more.

Autumn is here; we cull his lingering flowers
 And bring them to the spot where thou art laid;
 The late-born offspring of his balmier hours,
 Spared by the frost, upon thy grave to fade.

The sweet calm sunshine of October, now
 Warms the low spot; upon its grassy mould
 The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
 Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold.

And gorgeous as the morn, a tall array
 Of woodland shelters the smooth fields around;
 And guarded by its headlands, far away
 Sail-spotted, blue and lake-like, sleeps the sound.

I gaze in sadness; it delights me not
 To look on beauty which thou canst not see;
 And, wert thou by my side, the dreariest spot
 Were, oh, how far more beautiful to me!

In what fair region dost thou now abide?
 Hath God, in the transparent deeps of space,
 Through which the planets in their journey glide,
 Prepared, for souls like thine, a dwelling-place?

Fields of unwithering bloom, to mortal eye
 Invisible, though mortal eye were near,
 Musical groves, and bright streams murmuring by,
 Heard only by the spiritual ear?

Nay, let us deem that thou dost not withdraw
 From the dear places where thy lot was cast,
 And where thy heart, in love's most holy law,
 Was schooled by all the memories of the past.

Here on this earth, where once, among mankind,
 Walked God's beloved Son, thine eyes may see
 Beauty to which our dimmer sense is blind
 And glory that may make it heaven to thee.

May we not think that near us thou dost stand
 With loving ministrations, for we know
 Thy heart was never happy when thy hand
 Was forced its tasks of mercy to forego!

Mayst thou not prompt, with every coming day,
 The generous aim and act, and gently win
 Our restless, wandering thoughts to turn away
 From every treacherous path that ends in sin!

Roslyn, 1866.

A BRIGHTER DAY.*

HARNESS the impatient Years,
 O Time! and yoke them to the imperial car
 For, through a mist of tears,
 The brighter day appears,
 Whose early blushes tinge the hills afar.

A brighter day for thee,
 O realm! whose glorious fields are spread between
 The dark-blue Midland Sea
 And that immensity
 Of Western waters which once hailed thee queen!

The fiery coursers fling
 Their necks aloft, and snuff the morning wind,
 Till the fleet moments bring
 The expected sign to spring
 Along their path, and leave these glooms behind.

* Originally printed as from the Spanish.

Yoke them, and yield the reins
 To Spain, and lead her to the lofty seat;
 But, ere she mount, the chains
 Whose cruel strength constrains
 Her limbs must fall in fragments at her feet.

A tyrant brood have wound
 About her helpless limbs the steely braid,
 And toward a gulf profound
 They drag her, gagged and bound,
 Down among dead men's bones, and frost and shade.

O Spain! thou wert of yore
 The wonder of the realms; in prouder years
 Thy haughty forehead wore,
 What it shall wear no more,
 The diadem of both the hemispheres.

To thee the ancient Deep
 Revealed his pleasant, undiscovered lands;
 From mines where jewels sleep,
 Tilled plain and vine-clad steep,
 Earth's richest spoil was offered to thy hands.

Yet thou, when land and sea
 Sent thee their tribute with each rolling wave,
 And kingdoms crouched to thee,
 Wert false to Liberty,
 And therefore art thou now a shackled slave.

Wilt thou not, yet again,
Put forth the sleeping strength that in thee lies,
And snap the shameful chain,
And force that tyrant train
To flee before the anger in thine eyes?

Then shall the harnessed Years
Sweep onward with thee to that glorious height
Which even now appears
Bright through the mist of tears,
The dwelling-place of Liberty and Light.

Roslyn, October, 1867.

"New York Ledger," January 4, 1868.

AMONG THE TREES.

O H ye who love to overhang the springs,
And stand by running waters, ye whose boughs
Make beautiful the rocks o'er which they play,
Who pile with foliage the great hills, and rear
A paradise upon the lonely plain,
Trees of the forest, and the open field!
Have ye no sense of being? Does the air,
The pure air, which I breathe with gladness, pass
In gushes o'er your delicate lungs, your leaves,
All unenjoyed? When on your winter's sleep
The sun shines warm, have ye no dreams of spring?
And when the glorious spring-time comes at last,
Have ye no joy of all your bursting buds,
And fragrant blooms, and melody of birds
To which your young leaves shiver? Do ye strive
And wrestle with the wind, yet know it not?
Feel ye no glory in your strength when he,
The exhausted Blusterer, flies beyond the hills,
And leaves you stronger yet? Or have ye not
A sense of loss when he has stripped your leaves,

Yet tender, and has splintered your fair boughs?
 Does the loud bolt that smites you from the cloud
 And rends you, fall unfelt? Do there not run
 Strange shudderings through your fibres when the axe
 Is raised against you, and the shining blade
 Deals blow on blow, until, with all their boughs,
 Your summits waver and ye fall to earth?
 Know ye no sadness when the hurricane
 Has swept the wood and snapped its sturdy stems
 Asunder, or has wrenched, from out the soil,
 The mightiest with their circles of strong roots,
 And piled the ruin all along his path?

Nay, doubt we not that under the rough rind,
 In the green veins of these fair growths of earth,
 There dwells a nature that receives delight
 From all the gentle processes of life,
 And shrinks from loss of being. Dim and faint
 May be the sense of pleasure and of pain,
 As in our dreams; but, haply, real still.

Our sorrows touch you not. We watch beside
 The beds of those who languish or who die,
 And minister in sadness, while our hearts
 Offer perpetual prayer for life and ease
 And health to the beloved sufferers.
 But ye, while anxious fear and fainting hope
 Are in our chambers, ye rejoice without.

The funeral goes forth ; a silent train
Moves slowly from the desolate home ; our hearts
Are breaking as we lay away the loved,
Whom we shall see no more, in their last rest,
Their little cells within the burial-place.
Ye have no part in this distress ; for still
The February sunshine steeps your boughs
And tints the buds and swells the leaves within ;
While the song-sparrow, warbling from her perch,
Tells you that spring is near. The wind of May
Is sweet with breath of orchards, in whose boughs
The bees and every insect of the air
Make a perpetual murmur of delight,
And by whose flowers the humming-bird hangs poised
In air, and draws their sweets and darts away.
The linden, in the fervors of July,
Hums with a louder concert. When the wind
Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thanks. The hermit-thrush
Pipes his sweet note to make your arches ring ;
The faithful robin, from the wayside elm,
Carols all day to cheer his sitting mate ;
And when the autumn comes, the kings of earth,
In all their majesty, are not arrayed
As ye are, clothing the broad mountain-side

And spotting the smooth vales with red and gold;
 While, swaying to the sudden breeze, ye fling
 Your nuts to earth, and the brisk squirrel comes
 To gather them, and barks with childish glee,
 And scampers with them to his hollow oak.

Thus, as the seasons pass, ye keep alive
 The cheerfulness of Nature, till in time
 The constant misery which wrings the heart
 Relents, and we rejoice with you again,
 And glory in your beauty; till once more
 We look with pleasure on your varnished leaves,
 That gayly glance in sunshine, and can hear,
 Delighted, the soft answer which your boughs
 Utter in whispers to the babbling brook.

Ye have no history. I cannot know
 Who, when the hillside trees were hewn away,
 Haply two centuries since, bade spare this oak,
 Leaning to shade, with his irregular arms,
 Low-bent and long, the fount that from his roots
 Slips through a bed of cresses toward the bay—
 I know not who, but thank him that he left
 The tree to flourish where the acorn fell,
 And join these later days to that far time
 While yet the Indian hunter drew the bow
 In the dim woods, and the white woodman first
 Opened these fields to sunshine, turned the soil

And strewed the wheat. An unremembered Past
 Broods, like a presence, mid the long gray boughs
 Of this old tree, which has outlived so long
 The flitting generations of mankind.

Ye have no history. I ask in vain
 Who planted on the slope this lofty group
 Of ancient pear-trees that with spring-time burst
 Into such breadth of bloom. One bears a scar
 Where the quick lightning scored its trunk, yet still
 It feels the breath of Spring, and every May
 Is white with blossoms. Who it was that laid
 Their infant roots in earth, and tenderly
 Cherished the delicate sprays, I ask in vain,
 Yet bless the unknown hand to which I owe
 This annual festival of bees, these songs
 Of birds within their leafy screen, these shouts
 Of joy from children gathering up the fruit
 Shaken in August from the willing boughs.

Ye that my hands have planted, or have spared,
 Beside the way, or in the orchard-ground,
 Or in the open meadow, ye whose boughs
 With every summer spread a wider shade,
 Whose herd in coming years shall lie at rest
 Beneath your noontide shelter? who shall pluck
 Your ripened fruit? who grave, as was the wont
 Of simple pastoral ages, on the rind

Of my smooth beeches some beloved name?
 Idly I ask; yet may the eyes that look
 Upon you, in your later, nobler growth,
 Look also on a nobler age than ours;
 An age when, in the eternal strife between
 Evil and Good, the Power of Good shall win
 A grander mastery; when kings no more
 Shall summon millions from the plough to learn
 The trade of slaughter, and of populous realms
 Make camps of war; when in our younger land
 The hand of ruffian Violence, that now
 Is insolently raised to smite, shall fall
 Unnerved before the calm rebuke of Law,
 And Fraud, his sly confederate, shrink, in shame,
 Back to his covert, and forego his prey.

Roslyn, 1868.

"Putnam's Magazine," January, 1869.

MAY EVENING.

THE breath of Spring-time at this twilight hour
Comes through the gathering glooms,
And bears the stolen sweets of many a flower
Into my silent rooms.

Where hast thou wandered, gentle gale, to find
The perfumes thou dost bring?
By brooks, that through the wakening meadows wind,
Or brink of rushy spring?

Or woodside, where, in little companies,
The early wild-flowers rise,
Or sheltered lawn, where, mid encircling trees,
May's warmest sunshine lies?

Now sleeps the humming-bird, that, in the sun,
Wandered from bloom to bloom;
Now, too, the weary bee, his day's work done,
Rests in his waxen room.

Now every hovering insect to his place
 Beneath the leaves hath flown;
And, through the long night hours, the flowery race
 Are left to thee alone.

O'er the pale blossoms of the sassafras
 And o'er the spice-bush spray,
Among the opening buds, thy breathings pass,
 And come embalmed away.

Yet there is sadness in thy soft caress,
 Wind of the blooming year!
The gentle presence, that was wont to bless
 Thy coming, is not here.

Go, then; and yet I bid thee not repair,
 Thy gathered sweets to shed,
Where pine and willow, in the evening air,
 Sigh o'er the buried dead.

Pass on to homes where cheerful voices sound,
 And cheerful looks are cast,
And where thou wakest, in thine airy round,
 No sorrow of the past.

Refresh the languid student pausing o'er
 The learned page apart,
And he shall turn to con his task once more
 With an encouraged heart.

Bear thou a promise, from the fragrant sward,
To him who tills the land,
Of springing harvests that shall yet reward
The labors of his hand.

And whisper, everywhere, that Earth renews
Her beautiful array,
Amid the darkness and the gathering dews,
For the return of day.

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"Appletons' Journal," May, 1869.

TREE-BURIAL.

NEAR our southwestern border, when a child
Dies in the cabin of an Indian wife,
She makes its funeral-couch of delicate furs,
Blankets and bark, and binds it to the bough
Of some broad branching tree with leathern thongs
And sinews of the deer. A mother once
Wrought at this tender task, and murmured thus:
“Child of my love, I do not lay thee down
Among the chilly clods where never comes
The pleasant sunshine. There the greedy wolf
Might break into thy grave and tear thee thence,
And I should sorrow all my life. I make
Thy burial-place here, where the light of day
Shines round thee, and the airs that play among
The boughs shall rock thee. Here the morning sun,
Which woke thee once from sleep to smile on me,
Shall beam upon thy bed, and sweetly here
Shall lie the red light of the evening clouds
Which called thee once to slumber. Here the stars
Shall look upon thee—the bright stars of heaven

Which thou didst wonder at. Here, too, the birds,
Whose music thou didst love, shall sing to thee,
And near thee build their nests and rear their young
With none to scare them. Here the woodland flowers,
Whose opening in the spring-time thou didst greet
With shouts of joy, and which so well became
Thy pretty hands when thou didst gather them,
Shall spot the ground below thy little bed.

“Yet haply thou hast fairer flowers than these,
Which, in the land of souls, thy spirit plucks
In fields that wither not, amid the throng
Of joyous children, like thyself, who went
Before thee to that brighter world and sport
Eternally beneath its cloudless skies.
Sport with them, dear, dear child, until I come
To dwell with thee, and thou, beholding me,
From far, shalt run and leap into my arms,
And I shall clasp thee as I clasped thee here
While living, oh most beautiful and sweet
Of children, now more passing beautiful,
If that can be, with eyes like summer stars—
A light that death can never quench again.

“And now, oh wind, that here among the leaves
Dost softly rustle, breathe thou ever thus
Gently, and put not forth thy strength to tear
The branches and let fall their precious load,
A prey to foxes. Thou, too, ancient sun,
Beneath whose eye the seasons come and go,

And generations rise and pass away,
 While thou dost never change—oh, call not up,
 With thy strong heats, the dark, grim thunder-cloud,
 To smite this tree with bolts of fire, and rend
 Its trunk and strew the earth with splintered boughs.
 Ye rains, fall softly on the couch that holds
 My darling. There the panther's spotted hide
 Shall turn aside the shower; and be it long,
 Long after thou and I have met again,
 Ere summer wind or winter rain shall waste
 This couch and all that now remains of thee,
 To me thy mother. Meantime, while I live,
 With each returning sunrise I shall seem
 To see thy waking smile, and I shall weep;
 And when the sun is setting I shall think
 How, as I watched thee, o'er thy sleepy eyes
 Drooped the smooth lids, and laid on the round cheek
 Their lashes, and my tears will flow again;
 And often, at those moments, I shall seem
 To hear again the sweetly prattled name
 Which thou didst call me by, and it will haunt
 My home till I depart to be with thee."

Roslyn, 1872.

"New York Ledger," August 17, 1872.

A LEGEND OF THE DELAWARES.

THE air is dark with cloud on cloud,
And, through the leaden-colored mass,
With thunder-crashes quick and loud,
A thousand shafts of lightning pass.

And to and fro they glance and go,
Or, darting downward, smite the ground.
What phantom arms are those that throw
The shower of fiery arrows round?

A louder crash! a mighty oak
Is smitten from that stormy sky.
Its stem is shattered by the stroke;
Around its root the branches lie.

Fresh breathes the wind; the storm is o'er;
The piles of mist are swept away;
And from the open sky, once more,
Streams gloriously the golden day.

A dusky hunter of the wild
 Is passing near, and stops to see
 The wreck of splintered branches piled
 About the roots of that huge tree.

Lo, quaintly shaped and fairly strung,
 Wrought by what hand he cannot know,
 On that drenched pile of boughs, among
 The splinters, lies a polished bow.

He lifts it up; the drops that hang
 On the smooth surface glide away:
 He tries the string, no sharper twang
 Was ever heard on battle-day.

Homeward Onetho bears the prize:
 Who meets him as he turns to go?
 An aged chief, with quick, keen eyes,
 And bending frame, and locks of snow.

"See, what I bring, my father, see
 This goodly bow which I have found
 Beneath a thunder-riven tree,
 Dropped with the lightning to the ground."

"Beware, my son; it is not well"—
 The white-haired chieftain makes reply—
 "That we who in the forest dwell
 Should wield the weapons of the sky.

"Lay back that weapon in its place;
Let those who bore it bear it still,
Lest thou displease the ghostly race
That float in mist from hill to hill."

"My father, I will only try
How well it sends a shaft, and then,
Be sure, this goodly bow shall lie
Among the splintered boughs again."

So to the hunting-ground he hies,
To chase till eve the forest-game,
And not a single arrow flies,
From that good bow, with erring aim.

And then he deems that they, who swim
In trains of cloud the middle air,
Perchance had kindly thoughts of him
And dropped the bow for him to bear.

He bears it from that day, and soon
Becomes the mark of every eye,
And wins renown with every moon
That fills its circle in the sky.

None strike so surely in the chase;
None bring such trophies from the fight;
And, at the council-fire, his place
Is with the wise and men of might.

And far across the land is spread,
 Among the hunter tribes, his fame ;
 Men name the bowyer-chief with dread
 Whose arrows never miss their aim.

See next his broad-roofed cabin rise
 On a smooth river's pleasant side,
 And she who has the brightest eyes
 Of all the tribe becomes his bride.

A year has passed ; the forest sleeps
 In early autumn's sultry glow ;
 Onetho, on the mountain-steeps,
 Is hunting with that trusty bow.

But they, who by the river dwell,
 See the dim vapors thickening o'er
 Long mountain-range and severing dell,
 And hear the thunder's sullen roar.

Still darker grows the spreading cloud
 From which the booming thunders sound,
 And stoops and hangs a shadowy shroud
 Above Onetho's hunting-ground.

Then they who, from the river-vale,
 Are gazing on the distant storm,
 See in the mists that ride the gale
 Dim shadows of the human form—

Tall warriors, plumed, with streaming hair
And lifted arms that bear the bow,
And send athwart the murky air
The arrowy lightnings to and fro.

Loud is the tumult of an hour—
Crash of torn boughs and howl of blast,
And thunder-peal and pelting shower,
And then the storm is overpast.

Where is Onetho? what delays
His coming? why should he remain
Among the plashy woodland ways,
Swoln brooks and boughs that drip with rain?

He comes not, and the younger men
Go forth to search the forest round.
They track him to a mountain-glen,
And find him lifeless on the ground.

The goodly bow that was his pride
Is gone, but there the arrows lie;
And now they know the death he died,
Slain by the lightnings of the sky.

They bear him thence in awe and fear
Back to the vale with stealthy tread;
There silently, from far and near,
The warriors gather round the dead.

But in their homes the women bide ;
Unseen they sit and weep apart,
And, in her bower, Onetho's bride
Is sobbing with a broken heart.

They lay in earth their bowyer-chief,
And at his side their hands bestow
His dreaded battle-axe and sheaf
Of arrows, but without a bow.

"Too soon he died ; it is not well"—
The old men murmured, standing nigh—
"That we, who in the forest dwell,
Should wield the weapons of the sky."

Roslyn, 1872.

"New York Ledger," November 9, 1872.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

'T WAS evening, and before my eyes
There lay a landscape gray and dim—
Fields faintly seen and twilight skies,
And clouds that hid the horizon's brim.

Through leafless shrubs the cold wind hissed ;
The air was thick with falling snow,
And onward, through the frozen mist,
I saw a weary traveller go.

Driven o'er the landscape, bare and bleak,
Before the whirling gusts of air,
The snow-flakes smote his withered cheek,
And gathered on his silver hair.

Yet on he fared through blinding snows,
And murmuring to himself he said :
"The night is near ; the darkness grows,
And higher rise the drifts I tread.

"Deep, deep, each autumn flower they hide;
Each tuft of green they whelm from sight;
And they who journeyed by my side,
Are lost in the surrounding night.

"I loved them; oh, no words can tell
The love that to my friends I bore;
They left me with the sad farewell
Of those who part to meet no more.

"And I, who face this bitter wind
And o'er these snowy hillocks creep,
Must end my journey soon, and find
A frosty couch, a frozen sleep."

As thus he spoke, a thrill of pain
Shot to my heart—I closed my eyes;
But when I opened them again,
I started with a glad surprise.

'Twas evening still, and in the west
A flush of glowing crimson lay;
I saw the morrow there, and blest
That promise of a glorious day.

The waters, in their glassy sleep,
Shone with the hues that tinged the sky,
And rugged cliff and barren steep
Gleamed with the brightness from on high.

And one was there whose journey lay
 Into the slowly-gathering night;
 With steady step he held his way,
 O'er shadowy vale and gleaming height.

I marked his firm though weary tread,
 The lifted eye and brow serene;
 And saw no shade of doubt or dread
 Pass o'er that traveller's placid mien.

And others came, their journey o'er,
 And bade good-night, with words of cheer:
 "To-morrow we shall meet once more;
 'Tis but the night that parts us here."

"And I," he said, "shall sleep ere long;
 These fading gleams will soon be gone;
 Shall sleep to rise refreshed and strong
 In the bright day that yet will dawn."

I heard; I watched him as he went,
 A lessening form, until the light
 Of evening from the firmament
 Had passed, and he was lost to sight.

Roslyn, 1873.

"Atlantic Monthly," January, 1874.

CHRISTMAS IN 1875.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A SPANIARD.

NO trumpet-blast profaned
 The hour in which the Prince of Peace was born ;
 No bloody streamlet stained
 Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn ;
 But, o'er the peaceful plain,
 The war-horse drew the peasant's loaded wain.

The soldier had laid by
 The sword and stripped the corselet from his breast,
 And hung his helm on high—
 The sparrow's winter home and summer nest ;
 And, with the same strong hand
 That flung the barbèd spear, he tilled the land.

Oh, time for which we yearn ;
 Oh, sabbath of the nations long foretold !
 Season of peace, return,
 Like a late summer when the year grows old,
 When the sweet sunny days
 Steeped mead and mountain-side in golden haze.

For now two rival kings
 Flaunt, o'er our bleeding land, their hostile flags,
 And every sunrise brings
 The hovering vulture from his mountain crags
 To where the battle-plain
 Is strewn with dead, the youth and flower of Spain.

Christ is not come, while yet
 O'er half the earth the threat of battle lowers,
 And our own fields are wet,
 Beneath the battle-cloud, with crimson showers—
 The life-blood of the slain,
 Poured out where thousands die that one may reign.

Soon, over half the earth,
 In every temple crowds shall kneel again
 To celebrate His birth
 Who brought the message of good-will to men,
 And bursts of joyous song
 Shall shake the roof above the prostrate throng.

Christ is not come, while there
 The men of blood whose crimes affront the skies
 Kneel down in act of prayer,
 Amid the joyous strains, and when they rise
 Go forth, with sword and flame,
 To waste the land in His most holy name.

Oh, when the day shall break
 O'er realms unlearned in warfare's cruel arts,
 And all their millions wake
 To peaceful tasks performed with loving hearts,
 On such a blessed morn,
 Well may the nations say that Christ is born.

New York, 1875.

"New York Evening Post," December, 1875.

OUR FELLOW-WORSHIPPERS.

THINK not that thou and I
 Are here the only worshippers to-day,
 Beneath this glorious sky,
 Mid the soft airs that o'er the meadows play;
 These airs, whose breathing stirs
 The fresh grass, are our fellow-worshippers.

See, as they pass, they swing
 The censers of a thousand flowers that bend
 O'er the young herbs of spring,
 And the sweet odors like a prayer ascend,
 While, passing thence, the breeze
 Wakes the grave anthem of the forest-trees.

It is as when, of yore,
 The Hebrew poet called the mountain-steeps,
 The forests, and the shore
 Of ocean, and the mighty mid-sea deeps,
 And stormy wind, to raise
 A universal symphony of praise.

For, lo! the hills around,
Gay in their early green, give silent thanks;
And, with a joyous sound,
The streamlet's huddling waters kiss their banks,
And, from its sunny nooks,
To heaven, with grateful smiles, the valley looks.

The blossomed apple-tree,
Among its flowery tufts, on every spray,
Offers the wandering bee
A fragrant chapel for his matin-lay;
And a soft bass is heard
From the quick pinions of the humming-bird.

Haply—for who can tell?—
Aërial beings, from the world unseen,
Haunting the sunny dell,
Or slowly floating o'er the flowery green,
May join our worship here,
With harmonies too fine for mortal ear.

Roslyn, 1875.

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

A MIGHTY Hand, from an exhaustless Urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years,
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life. The Present there
Tosses and foams, and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy swain—
Woodman and delver with the spade—is there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen,
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
There groups of revellers whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And as they raise their flowing cups and touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth

From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider, the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers; the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral-train—the torrent sweeps away
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
The wail is stifled and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill, sudden shout,
The cry of an applauding multitude,
Swayed by some loud-voiced orator who wields
The living mass as if he were its soul!
The waters choke the shout and all is still.
Lo! next a kneeling crowd, and one who spreads
The hands in prayer—the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine at his touch
Gathers upon his canvas, and life glows;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride

The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
 Strikes them and flings them under, while their tasks
 Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
 On her young babe that smiles to her again;
 The torrent wrests it from her arms; she shrieks
 And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
 A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
 To glistening pearls; two lovers, hand in hand,
 Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
 Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
 Flings them apart: the youth goes down; the maid
 With hands outstretched in vain, and streaming eyes,
 Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
 An aged man succeeds; his bending form
 Sinks slowly. Mingling with the sullen stream
 Gleam the white locks, and then are seen no more.

Lo! wider grows the stream—a sea-like flood
 Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
 Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
 Dissolve in the swift waters; populous realms
 Swept by the torrent see their ancient tribes
 Engulfed and lost; their very languages
 Stifled, and never to be uttered more.

I pause and turn my eyes, and looking back
 Where that tumultuous flood has been, I see
 The silent ocean of the Past, a waste
 Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
 Strewn with the wreck of fleets where mast and hull

Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshipper.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'eturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard,
On all the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels, far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust, and all around
Strewn on the surface of that silent sea
Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
Shorn from dear brows, by loving hands, and scrolls
O'er written, haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship, and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment, and then sink away from sight.

I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold in every one of these
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrows, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and happy days too brief
That sorrowfully ended, and I think

How painfully must the poor heart have beat
 In bosoms without number, as the blow
 Was struck that slew their hope and broke their peace.

Sadly I turn and look before, where yet
 The Flood must pass, and I behold a mist
 Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
 Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers,
 Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
 And reappearing, haply giving place
 To forms of grisly aspect such as Fear
 Shapes from the idle air—where serpents lift
 The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
 The bony arm in menace. Further on
 A belt of darkness seems to bar the way
 Long, low, and distant, where the Life to come
 Touches the Life that is. The Flood of Years
 Rolls toward it near and nearer. It must pass
 That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
 Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
 That belt of darkness, still the Years roll on
 More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
 They gather up again and softly bear
 All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
 And lost to sight, all that in them was good,
 Noble, and truly great, and worthy of love—
 The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
 Sages and saintly women who have made
 Their households happy; all are raised and borne

By that great current in its onward sweep,
 Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
 Around green islands with the breath
 Of flowers that never wither. So they pass
 From stage to stage along the shining course
 Of that bright river, broadening like a sea.
 As its smooth eddies curl along their way
 They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
 In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
 Again are folded round the child she loved
 And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
 Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
 That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
 Or broke are healed forever. In the room
 Of this grief-shadowed present, there shall be
 A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
 The heart, and never shall a tender tie
 Be broken; in whose reign the eternal Change
 That waits on growth and action shall proceed
 With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

Roslyn, 1876.

"Scribner's Monthly," July, 1876.

A LIFETIME.

I SIT in the early twilight,
And, through the gathering shade,
I look on the fields around me
Where yet a child I played.

And I peer into the shadows,
Till they seem to pass away,
And the fields and their tiny brooklet
Lie clear in the light of day.

A delicate child and slender,
With locks of light-brown hair,
From knoll to knoll is leaping
In the breezy summer air.

He stoops to gather blossoms
Where the running waters shine;
And I look on him with wonder,
His eyes are so like mine.

I look till the fields and brooklet
Swim like a vision by,
And a room in a lowly dwelling
Lies clear before my eye.

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There stand, in the clean-swept fireplace,
Fresh boughs from the wood in bloom,
And the birch-tree's fragrant branches
Perfume the humble room.

And there the child is standing
By a stately lady's knee,
And reading of ancient peoples
And realms beyond the sea:

Of the cruel King of Egypt
Who made God's people slaves,
And perished, with all his army,
Drowned in the Red Sea waves;

Of Deborah who mustered
Her brethren long oppressed,
And routed the heathen army,
And gave her people rest;

And the sadder, gentler story
How Christ, the crucified,
With a prayer for those who slew him,
Forgave them as he died.

I look again, and there rises
A forest wide and wild,
And in it the boy is wandering,
No longer a little child.

He murmurs his own rude verses
As he roams the woods alone;
And again I gaze with wonder,
His eyes are so like my own.

I see him next in his chamber,
Where he sits him down to write
The rhymes he framed in his ramble,
And he cons them with delight.

A kindly figure enters,
A man of middle age,
And points to a line just written,
And 'tis blotted from the page.

And next, in a hall of justice,
Scarce grown to manly years,
Mid the hoary-headed wranglers
The slender youth appears.

With a beating heart he rises,
And with a burning cheek,
And the judges kindly listen
To hear the young man speak.

Another change, and I see him
Approach his dwelling-place,
Where a fair-haired woman meets him,
With a smile on her young face—

A smile that spreads a sunshine
On lip and cheek and brow;
So sweet a smile there is not
In all the wide earth now.

She leads by the hand their first-born,
A fair-haired little one,
And their eyes as they meet him sparkle
Like brooks in the morning sun.

Another change, and I see him
Where the city's ceaseless coil
Sends up a mighty murmur
From a thousand modes of toil.

And there, mid the clash of presses,
He plies the rapid pen
In the battles of opinion,
That divide the sons of men.

I look, and the clashing presses
And the town are seen no more,
But there is the poet wandering
A strange and foreign shore.

He has crossed the mighty ocean
To realms that lie afar,
In the region of ancient story,
Beneath the morning star.

And now he stands in wonder
On an icy Alpine height;
Now pitches his tent in the desert
Where the jackal yells at night;

Now, far on the North Sea islands,
Sees day on the midnight sky,
Now gathers the fair strange fruitage
Where the isles of the Southland lie.

I see him again at his dwelling,
Where, over the little lake,
The rose-trees droop in their beauty
To meet the image they make.

Though years have whitened his temples,
His eyes have the first look still,
Save a shade of settled sadness,
A forecast of coming ill.

For in that pleasant dwelling,
On the rack of ceaseless pain,
Lies she who smiled so sweetly,
And prays for ease in vain.

And I know that his heart is breaking,
When, over those dear eyes,
The darkness slowly gathers,
And the loved and loving dies.

A grave is scooped on the hillside
Where often, at eve or morn,
He lays the blooms of the garden—
He, and his youngest born.

And well I know that a brightness
From his life has passed away,
And a smile from the green earth's beauty,
And a glory from the day.

But I behold, above him,
In the far blue deeps of air,
Dim battlements shining faintly,
And a throng of faces there;

See over crystal barrier
The airy figures bend,
Like those who are watching and waiting
The coming of a friend.

And one there is among them,
With a star upon her brow,
In her life, a lovely woman,
A sinless seraph now.

I know the sweet calm features;
The peerless smile I know,
And I stretch my arms with transport
From where I stand below.

And the quick tears drown my eyelids,
But the airy figures fade,
And the shining battlements darken
And blend with the evening shade.

I am gazing into the twilight
Where the dim-seen meadows lie,
And the wind of night is swaying
The trees with a heavy sigh.

Cumington, 1876 (?).

Edition of 1876.

Part Fourth.

HYMNS WRITTEN AT VARIOUS TIMES.

54/148

$$\begin{array}{r} 43 \\ 244 \\ \hline 456 \\ 70 \\ \hline 86 \end{array}$$

148

“THE EARTH IS FULL OF THY RICHES.”

ALMIGHTY! hear thy children raise
The voice of thankfulness and praise,
To Him whose wisdom deigned to plan
This fair and bright abode for man.

For when this orb of sea and land
Was moulded in thy forming hand,
Thy calm, benignant smile impressed
A beam of heaven upon its breast.

Then rose the hills, and broad and green
The vale's deep pathway sank between;
Then stretched the plains to where the sky
Stoops and shuts in the exploring eye.

Beneath that smile earth's blossoms glowed,
Her fountains gushed, her rivers flowed,
And from the shadowy wood was heard
The pleasant sound of breeze and bird.

Thy hand outspread the billowy plains
Of ocean, nurse of genial rains,
Hung high the glorious sun and set
Night's cressets in her arch of jet.

Lord, teach us, while the admiring sight
Dwells on Thy works in deep delight,
To deem the forms of beauty here
But shadows of a brighter sphere.

Great Barrington, 1820.

“HIS TENDER MERCIES ARE OVER ALL
HIS WORKS.”

O UR Father! to thy love we owe
All that is fair and good below.
Life, and the health that makes life sweet,
Are blessings from thy mercy seat.

Oh Giver of the quickening rain!
Oh Ripener of the golden grain!
From Thee the cheerful day-spring flows,
Thy balmy evening brings repose.

Thy frosts arrest, thy tempests chase
The plagues that waste our helpless race,
Thy softer breath, o'er land and deep,
Wakes nature from her winter sleep.

Yet, deem we not that thus alone
Thy bounty and thy love are shown,
For we have learned with higher praise
And holier names to speak thy ways.

In woe's dark hour our kindest stay,
Sole trust when life shall pass away,
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of Death, and consecrate the tomb.

Patient with headstrong guilt to bear,
Slow to avenge and kind to spare,
Listening to prayer and reconciled
Full soon to thy repentant child.

Great Barrington, 1820.

“BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.”

DEEM not that they are best alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep,
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

Oh, there are days of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night,
And Grief may bide, an evening guest,
But Joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though, with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

Great Barrington, 1820.

“NO MAN KNOWETH OF HIS SEPULCHRE.”

WHEN he who, from the scourge of wrong,
 Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly,
 Saw the fair region promised long,
 And bowed him on the hills to die ;

God made his grave, to men unknown,
 Where Moab's rocks a vale infold,
 And laid the aged seer alone,
 To slumber while the world grows old.

Thus still, whene'er the good and just
 Close their dim eyes on life and pain,
 Heaven watches o'er their slumbering dust
 Till the pure spirit comes again.

Though nameless, trampled and forgot,
 His servant's humble ashes lie,
 Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,
 To call its inmate to the sky.

Great Barrington, 1820.

"A BROKEN AND A CONTRITE HEART,
OH GOD, THOU WILT NOT DESPISE."

O H God, whose dread and dazzling brow
Love never yet forsook!
On those who seek thy presence now
In deep compassion look.

Aid our weak steps and eyesight dim
The paths of peace to find,
And lead us all to learn of Him
Who died to save mankind.

For many a frail and erring heart
Is in thy holy sight,
And feet too willing to depart
From the plain way of right.

Yet, pleased the humble prayer to hear,
And kind to all that live,
Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,
Art ready to forgive.

Great Barrington, 1820.

“HOW AMIABLE ARE THY TABER-
NACLES!”

THOU, whose unmeasured temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, oh God! to thee.

And let the Comforter and Friend,
Thy Holy Spirit, meet
With those who here in worship bend
Before thy mercy seat.

May they who err be guided here
To find the better way,
And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And hallowed wishes rise,
While round these peaceful walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

Great Barrington, 1820.

“THE LORD GIVETH WISDOM.”

MIGHTY ONE, before whose face
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath thy feet!

Source of Truth, whose beams alone
Light the mighty world of mind!
God of Love, who, from thy throne,
Watchest over all mankind!

Shed on those who, in Thy name,
Teach the way of Truth and Right,
Shed that Love's undying flame,
Shed that Wisdom's guiding light.

“THY WORD IS TRUTH.”

O H thou, whose Love can ne'er forget
Its offspring, Great Eternal Mind!
We thank thee that thy truth is yet
A sojourner among mankind;

A light before whose brightness fall
The feet arrayed to tread it down,
A voice whose strong and solemn call
The cry of nations cannot drown.

Thy servants, at this sacred hour,
With humble prayer thy throne surround,
That here, in glory and in power,
That light may shine, that voice may sound;

Till Error's shades shall flee away,
And Faith, descending from above,
Amid the pure and perfect day,
Shall bring her fairer sister Love.

"I WILL SEND THEM PROPHETS AND
APOSTLES."

ALL that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father! speaks of Thee;
And in the darkness, or the day,
Thy monitors surround our way.

The fearful storms that sweep the sky,
The maladies by which we die,
The pangs that make the guilty groan,
Are angels from thy awful throne.

Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the wingèd hour,
All we enjoy, and all we love,
Bring with them lessons from above.

Nor thus content, thy gracious hand,
From midst the children of the land,
Hath raised, to stand before our race,
Thy living messengers of grace.

We thank thee that so clear a ray
Shines on thy straight, thy chosen way,
And pray that passion, sloth, or pride,
May never lure our steps aside.

“EXCEPT THE LORD BUILD THE HOUSE.”

A NCIENT OF DAYS! except thou deign
Upon the finished task to smile,
The workman's hand hath toiled in vain,
To hew the rock and rear the pile.

Oh, let thy peace, the peace that tames
The wayward heart, inhabit here,
That quenches passion's fiercest flames,
And thaws the deadly frost of fear.

And send thy love, the love that bears
Meekly with hate, and scorn, and wrong,
And loads itself with generous cares,
And toils, and hopes, and watches long.

Here may bold tongues thy truth proclaim,
Unmingled with the dreams of men,
As from His holy lips it came
Who died for us and rose again.

“THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.”

L ORD, from whose glorious presence came
The truth that made our fathers free,
And kindled in their hearts the flame
Of love to man and love to thee.

Bow the great heavens, thy throne of light,
And fill these walls, as once, of yore,
Thy spirit rested in its might
Upon the ark that Israel bore.

Here, let thy love be strong to draw
Our wavering hearts to do thy will,
And hush them with the holy awe
That makes the rebel passions still.

And while thy children, frail and blind,
Here bend in humble prayer to thee,
Oh, shed abroad, on every mind,
The truth that made our fathers free.

"OTHER SHEEP I HAVE, WHICH ARE NOT
OF THIS FOLD:"

LOOK from the sphere of endless day,
Oh, God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee.

Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

Send them thy mighty word to speak
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,—
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which, with sorrowing eyes, we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

New York, 1859.

“THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.”

WHEN this song of praise shall cease,
 Let thy children, Lord, depart
 With the blessing of thy peace
 And thy love in every heart.

Oh, where'er our path may lie,
 Father, let us not forget
 That we walk beneath thine eye,
 That thy care upholds us yet.

Blind are we, and weak, and frail;
 Be thine aid forever near;
 May the fear to sin prevail
 Over every other fear.

“BLESSED

NGS

LORD
Benign
We thank thee
The mother

We thank thee
Within her bosom
The dawning son
Looks with a glow

And, grateful for the
With that dear infant
She trains the eye to see
The voice to lisp a prayer

Such thanks the blessed Mother
When from her lap the Redeemer
Sent from on high to seek and save
The lost of earth, looked up to see

All-Gracious! grant to those who bear
A mother's charge, the strength and light
To guide the feet that own their care
In ways of Love, and Truth, and Right.

New York, 1862.

"HIS MOTHER KEPT ALL THESE SAVINGS
IN HER HEART."

AS o'er the cradle of her Son
The blessèd Mary hung,
And chanted to the Anointed One
The psalms that David sung,

What joy her bosom must have known,
As, with a sweet surprise,
She marked the boundless love that shone
Within his infant eyes,

But deeper was her joy to hear,
Even in his ripening youth,
And treasure up, from year to year,
His words of grace and truth,

Oh, may we keep his words like he
In all their life and power,
And to the law of love refer
The acts of every hour.

“WHATSOEVER HE SAITH UN
DO IT.”

“**W**HATE’ER he bids, observe and
Such were the words that Mary
What time the Holy One and True
Sat where the marriage feast was spread

Then, at his word, the servants sought
The streams from Cana’s fountains poured,
And lo! the crystal water brought
Was ruddy wine upon the board.

Whate’er he bids observe and do;
Such be the law that we obey,
And greater wonders men shall view
Than that of Cana’s bridal day.

The flinty heart with love shall beat,
The chains shall fall from passion’s slave,
The proud shall sit at Jesus’ feet
And learn the truths that bless and save.

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT THE
LAND."

GO forth, oh Word of Christ! go forth,
Oh Truth of God supremely strong!
To banish, from the groaning earth,
All forms of tyranny and wrong.

For where the Word of Christ prevails
To touch a nation's mighty heart,
The oppressor's pride before it quails,
The links of bondage fall apart.

When the pure faith by Jesus taught
Its conquering course on earth began,
Where'er the blessed news was brought
The fettered slave stood up a man.

Still may thy heralds, Lord, proclaim
The gracious message published then,
And teach the world, in Jesus' name,
How love makes free the sons of men.

“THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”

ALL praise to Him of Nazareth,
The Holy One who came,
For love of man, to die a death
Of agony and shame.

Dark was the grave; but since he lay
Within its dreary cell,
The beams of heaven's eternal day
Upon its threshold dwell.

He grasped the iron veil, he drew
Its gloomy folds aside,
And opened, to his followers' view,
The glorious world they hide.

In tender memory of his grave
The mystic bread we take,
And muse upon the life he gave
So freely for our sake.

A boundless love he bore mankind;
Oh, may at least a part
Of that strong love descend and find
A place in every heart.

“THOU HAST PUT ALL THINGS UNDER
HIS FEET.”

OH North, with all thy vales of green!
 Oh South, with all thy palms!
 From peopled towns and fields between,
 Uplift the voice of psalms.
 Raise, ancient East! the anthem high,
 And let the youthful West reply.

Lo! in the clouds of Heaven appears
 God's well-belovèd Son;
 He brings a train of brighter years;
 His kingdom is begun;
 He comes a guilty world to bless
 With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

Oh, Father! haste the promised hour,
 When at His feet shall lie
 All rule, authority, and power,
 Beneath the ample sky:
 When He shall reign from pole to pole,
 The Lord of every human soul.

When all shall heed the words He said,
Amid their daily cares,
And, by the loving life He led,
Shall strive to pattern theirs ;
And He who conquered Death shall win
The mightier conquest over Sin.

THE FREEMAN'S HYMN.

IN eastern lands a servile race
 May bow to thrones and diadems;
 And hide in dust the abject face,
 Before the glare of gold and gems.

For us, we kneel to One alone;
 And freemen worship only Him
 Before the brightness of whose throne
 The proudest pomps of earth are dim.

And therefore to his children here
 This bright and blooming land He gave,
 Where famine never blasts the year,
 Nor plagues, nor earthquakes glut the grave;

A land where all the gifts unite
 That Heaven bestows to make life sweet;
 A land of peace, a land of light,
 A land where truth and mercy meet.

Cumington, 1822.

THE DEATH OF CHANNING.

WHILE yet the harvest-fields are white,
And few the toiling reapers stand,
Called from his task before the night,
We miss the mightiest of the band.

Oh, thou of strong and gentle mind,
Thy thrilling voice shall plead no more
For Truth, for Freedom, and Mankind—
The lesson of thy life is o'er.

But thou in brightness, far above
The fairest dream of human thought,
Before the seat of Power and Love,
Art with the Truth that thou hast sought.

New York, 1842.

THE AGED PASTOR.

THY love, O God! from year to year,
Has watched thy faithful pastor here,
Till fifty years of toil have now
Engraved their tokens on his brow.

Fast have the seasons rolled away;
A moment in thy sight were they,
Yet while their rapid course was run,
What mighty works thy hand has done!

What empires rose, and, at thy frown,
In sudden weakness crumbled down!
What barriers, reared by earth and hell,
Against thy truth, gave way and fell!

Meanwhile, beneath thy gracious sight
This flock has dwelt in peace and light,
By living waters gently led,
And in perennial pastures fed.

Oh, when before thy judgment seat
The pastor and his flock shall meet,
May thy benignant voice attest
Their welcome to thine endless rest.

Roslyn, June, 1848.

IN MEMORIAM.

TWO hundred times has June renewed
Her roses since the day.
When here, amid the lonely wood,
Our fathers met to pray.

Beside this gentle stream that strayed
Through pathless deserts then,
The calm, heroic women prayed,
And grave, undaunted men.

Hymns on the ancient silence broke
From hearts that faltered not,
And undissembling lips that spoke
The free and guileless thought.

They prayed, and thanked the Almighty One,
Who made their hearts so strong,
And led them, towards the setting sun,
Beyond the reach of wrong.

He made for them that desert place,
A pleasant heritage,
The cradle of a free-born race,
From peaceful age to age.

The plant they set—a little vine—
Has stretched its boughs afar,
To distant hills, and streams that shine
Beneath the evening star.

Their fields are ours—these fields that smile
With summer's early flowers;
Oh, let their fearless scorn of guile,
And love of truth, be ours.

Roslyn, May 15, 1856.

“RECEIVE THY SIGHT.”

WHEN the blind suppliant in the way,
By friendly hands to Jesus led,
Prayed to behold the light of day,
“Receive thy sight,” the Saviour said.

At once he saw the pleasant rays
That lit the glorious firmament;
And, with firm step and words of praise,
He followed where the Master went.

Look down in pity, Lord, we pray,
On eyes oppressed by moral night,
And touch the darkened lids and say
The gracious words, “Receive thy sight.”

Then, in clear daylight, shall we see
Where walked the sinless Son of God;
And, aided by new strength from Thee,
Press onward in the path He trod.

New York, 1866.

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As Thou hast

Oh, blessed be

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New York, 1862.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

AS shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One!
Earth's generations pass.

And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten, and are gone.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

And deeply, at this later day,
Our hearts rejoice to see
How children, guided by its ray,
Come to the Saviour's knee.

O Father, may that holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beam afar
To fill the world with light.

New York, 1875.

THE CENTENNIAL HYMN.

THROUGH calm and storm the years have led
Our nation on, from stage to stage—
A century's space—until we tread
The threshold of another age.

We see where o'er our pathway swept
A torrent-stream of blood and fire,
And thank the Guardian Power who kept
Our sacred League of States entire.

Oh, chequered train of years, farewell!
With all thy strifes and hopes and fears!
Yet with us let thy memories dwell,
To warn and teach the coming years.

And thou, the new-beginning age,
Warned by the past, and not in vain,
Write on a fairer, whiter page,
The record of thy happier reign.

Roslyn, 1876.

THE CAPTIVE LOOSED.

WHEN, doomed to death, the Apostle lay,
 At night, in Herod's dungeon-cell,
 A light shone round him like the day,
 And from his limbs the fetters fell.

A messenger from God was there,
 To loose his chain and bid him rise,
 And lo, the Saint, as free as air,
 Walked forth beneath the open skies.

Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
 The victims of that deadly thirst
 Which drowns the soul, and from the mind
 Blots the bright image stamped at first.

Oh, God of Love and Mercy, deign
 To look on those, with pitying eye,
 Who struggle with that fatal chain,
 And send them succor from on high.

Send down, in its resistless might,
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,
And lead the captive forth to light,
A rescued soul, a slave no more.

New York, 1877.

Part Fifth.

TRANSLATIONS

OF

VARIOUS DATES.

DANAË.*

THE night winds howled, the billows dashed
 Against the tossing chest,
 As Danaë to her broken heart
 Her slumbering infant pressed.

“My little child”—in tears she said—
 “To wake and weep is mine,
 But thou canst sleep—thou dost not know
 Thy mother’s lot, and thine.

“The moon is up, the moonbeams smile—
 They tremble on the main;
 But dark, within my floating cell,
 To me they smile in vain.

“Thy folded mantle wraps thee warm,
 Thy clustering locks are dry;
 Thou dost not hear the shrieking gust,
 Nor breakers booming high.

* A version of a Fragment of Simonides.

"As o'er thy sweet unconscious face
A mournful watch I keep,
I think, didst thou but know thy fate,
How thou wouldst also weep.

"Yet, dear one, sleep, and sleep, ye winds,
That vex the restless brine—
When shall these eyes, my babe, be sealed
As peacefully as thine!"

Williams College, 1811.

"North American Review," 1818.

SPRING-TIME.*

'TIS sweet, in the green Spring,
 To gaze upon the wakening fields around ;
 Birds in the thicket sing,
 Winds whisper, waters prattle from the ground.
 A thousand odors rise,
 Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand dyes.

Shadowy, and close, and cool,
 The pine and poplar keep their quiet nook ;
 Forever fresh and full,
 Shines, at their feet, the thirst-inviting brook ;
 And the soft herbage seems
 Spread for a place of banquets and of dreams.

Thou, who alone art fair,
 And whom alone I love, art far away.
 Unless thy smile be there,
 It makes me sad to see the earth so gay ;
 I care not if the train
 Of leaves, and flowers, and zephyrs go again.

New York, 1826.

"United States Literary Gazette," July, 1826.

* From the Spanish of Villegas.

MARY MAGDALEN.*

BLESSED, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted!
 The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
 In wonder and in scorn!

Thou weepest days of innocence departed;
 Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move
 The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
 Even for the least of all the tears that shine
 On that pale cheek of thine.
 Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came from heaven,
 Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
 Holy, and pure, and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
 The ragged brier should change, the bitter fir
 Distil Arabian myrrh;

* From the Spanish of Bartolome Leonardo de Argensola.

Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain
Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains
Thick to their tops with roses; come and see
Leaves on the dry dead tree.
The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise,
Forever, toward the skies.

New York, 1826.

"United States Review," October, 1826.

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED.*

REGION of life and light !
 Land of the good whose earthly toils are o'er!
 Nor frost nor heat may blight
 Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
 Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore.

There, without crook or sling,
 Walks the good shepherd ; blossoms white and red
 Round his meek temples cling ;
 And to sweet pastures led,
 The flock he loves beneath his eye is fed.

He guides, and near him they
 Follow delighted, for he makes them go
 Where dwells eternal May,
 And heavenly roses blow,
 Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

* From the Spanish of Luis Ponce de Leon.

He leads them to the height
 Named of the infinite and long-sought Good,
 And fountains of delight;
 And where his feet have stood
 Springs up, along the way, their tender food.

And when, in the mid skies,
 The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
 Reposing as he lies,
 With all his flock around,
 He witches the still air with numerous sound.

From his sweet lute flow forth
 Immortal harmonies, of power to still
 All passions born of earth,
 And draw the ardent will
 Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

Might but a little part,
 A wandering breath of that high melody,
 Descend into my heart,
 And change it till it be
 Transformed and swallowed up, oh love, in thee!

Ah! then my soul should know,
 Beloved! where thou liest at noon of day,
 And from this place of woe
 Released, should take its way
 To mingle with thy flock and never stray.

New York, 1826.

"United States Review," May, 1827.

LOVE AND FOLLY.*

LOVE'S worshippers alone can know
 The thousand mysteries that are his;
 His blazing torch, his twanging bow,
 His blooming age are mysteries.
 A charming science—but the day
 Were all too short to con it o'er;
 So take of me this little lay,
 A sample of its boundless lore.

As once, beneath the fragrant shade
 Of myrtles fresh in heaven's pure air,
 The children, Love and Folly, played,
 A quarrel rose betwixt the pair.
 Love said the gods should do him right—
 But Folly vowed to do it then,
 And struck him, o'er the orbs of sight,
 So hard he never saw again.

His lovely mother's grief was deep,
 She called for vengeance on the deed;

* From La Fontaine.

A beauty does not vainly weep,
 Nor coldly does a mother plead.
 A shade came o'er the eternal bliss
 That fills the dwellers of the skies;
 Even stony-hearted Nemesis,
 And Rhadamanthus, wiped their eyes.

"Behold," she said, "this lovely boy,"
 While streamed afresh her graceful tears—
 "Immortal, yet shut out from joy
 And sunshine, all his future years.
 The child can never take, you see,
 A single step without a staff—
 The hardest punishment would be
 Too lenient for the crime by half."

All said that Love had suffered wrong,
 And well that wrong should be repaid;
 Then weighed the public interest long,
 And long the party's interest weighed.
 And thus decreed the court above:
 "Since Love is blind from Folly's blow,
 Let Folly be the guide of Love,
 Where'er the boy may choose to go."

New York, 1829.

"Talisman," 1830.

THE SIESTA.*

Vientecico murmurador,
Que lo gozas y andas todo, etc.

AIRS, that wander and murmur round,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow!
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest,
Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er.
Sweet be her slumbers! though in my breast
The pain she has waked may slumber no
more.

Breathing soft from the blue profound,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

* From the Spanish.

Airs! that over the bending boughs,
And under the shade of pendent leaves,
Murmur soft, like my timid vows
Or the secret sighs my bosom heaves—

Gently sweeping the grassy ground,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

New York, 1829.

"Talisman," 1830.

THE ALCAYDE OF MOLINA.*

TO the town of Atienza, Molina's brave Alcayde,
The courteous and the valorous, led forth his
bold brigade.

The Moor came back in triumph, he came without a
wound,

With many a Christian standard, and Christian captive
bound.

He passed the city portals, with swelling heart and
vain,

And toward his lady's dwelling he rode with slackened
rein ;

Two circuits on his charger he took, and at the third,
From the door of her balcony Zelinda's voice was
heard.

"Now if thou wert not shameless," said the lady to
the Moor,

"Thou wouldst neither pass my dwelling, nor stop
before my door.

* From the Spanish.

Alas for poor Zelinda, and for her wayward mood,
That one in love with peace should have loved a man
of blood!

Since not that thou wert noble I chose thee for my
knight,

But that thy sword was dreaded in tourney and in
fight.

Ah, thoughtless and unhappy! that I should fail to see
How ill the stubborn flint and the yielding wax agree.
Boast not thy love for me, while the shrieking of the fife
Can change thy mood of mildness to fury and to
strife.

Say not my voice is magic—thy pleasure is to hear
The bursting of the carbine, and shivering of the spear.
Well, follow thou thy choice—to the battle-field away,
To thy triumphs and thy trophies, since I am less
than they.

Thrust thy arm into thy buckler, gird on thy crooked
brand,

And call upon thy trusty squire to bring thy spears in
hand.

Lead forth thy band to skirmish, by mountain and by
mead,

On thy dappled Moorish barb, or thy fleeter border
steed.

Go, waste the Christian hamlets, and sweep away their
flocks,

From Almazan's broad meadows to Siguënza's rocks.

Leave Zelinda altogether, whom thou leavest oft and
long,

And in the life thou lovest, forget whom thou dost
wrong.

These eyes shall not recall thee, though they meet no
more thine own,

Though they weep that thou art absent, and that I am
all alone."

She ceased, and turning from him her flushed and
angry cheek,

Shut the door of her balcony before the Moor could
speak.

New York, 1829.

"Talisman," 1830.

THE DEATH OF ALIATAR.*

'TIS not with gilded sabres
That gleam in baldricks blue,
Nor nodding plumes in caps of Fez,
Of gay and gaudy hue—
But, habited in mourning weeds,
Come marching from afar,
By four and four, the valiant men
Who fought with Aliatar.
All mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

The banner of the Phoenix,
The flag that loved the sky,
That scarce the wind dared wanton with,
It flew so proud and high—

* From the Spanish. -

Now leaves its place in battle-field,
And sweeps the ground in grief,
The bearer drags its glorious folds
Behind the fallen chief,
As mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

Brave Aliatar led forward
A hundred Moors to go
To where his brother held Motril
Against the leaguering foe.
On horseback went the gallant Moor,
That gallant band to lead;
And now his bier is at the gate,
From which he pricked his steed.
While mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

The knights of the Grand Master
In crowded ambush lay;
They rushed upon him where the reeds
Were thick beside the way;

They smote the valiant Aliatar,
 They smote the warrior dead,
 And broken, but not beaten, were
 The gallant ranks he led.
 Now mournfully and slowly
 The afflicted warriors come,
 To the deep wail of the trumpet,
 And beat of muffled drum.

Oh! what was Zayda's sorrow,
 How passionate her cries!
 Her lover's wounds streamed not more free
 Than that poor maiden's eyes.
 Say, Love—for didst thou see her tears—
 Oh, no! he drew more tight
 The blinding fillet o'er his lids
 To spare his eyes the sight.
 While mournfully and slowly
 The afflicted warriors come,
 To the deep wail of the trumpet,
 And beat of muffled drum.

Nor Zayda only weeps him,
 But all that dwell between
 The great Alhambra's palace walls
 And springs of Albaicin.

The ladies weep the flower of knights,
The brave the bravest here ;
The people weep a champion,
The Alcaydes a noble peer.
While mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

New York, 1829.

"Talisman," 1830.

THE RIVULET.*

STAY, rivulet, nor haste to leave
The lovely vale that lies around thee.
Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,
When but a fount the morning found thee?

Born when the skies began to glow,
Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,
No blossom bowed its stalk to show
Where stole thy still and scanty waters.

Now on the stream the noonbeams look,
Usurping, as thou downward driftest,
Its crystal from the clearest brook,
Its rushing current from the swiftest.

Ah! what wild haste!—and all to be
A river and expire in ocean.
Each fountain's tribute hurries thee
To that vast grave with quicker motion.

* From the Spanish of Pedro de Castro y Añaya.

Far better 'twere to linger still
In this green vale, these flowers to cherish,
And die in peace, an aged rill,
Than thus, a youthful Danube, perish.

SONNET.*

IT is a fearful night ; a feeble glare
Streams from the sick moon in the o'erclouded sky ;
The ridgy billows, with a mighty cry,
Rush on the foamy beaches wild and bare ;
No bark the madness of the waves will dare ;
The sailors sleep ; the winds are loud and high.
Ah, peerless Laura ! for whose love I die,
Who gazes on thy smiles while I despair ?
As thus, in bitterness of heart, I cried,
I turned, and saw my Laura, kind and bright,
A messenger of gladness, at my side ;
To my poor bark she sprang with footstep light,
And as we furrowed Tago's heaving tide,
I never saw so beautiful a night.

* From the Portuguese of Semedo.

THE SERENADE.*

I F slumber, sweet Lisena!
Have stolen o'er thine eyes,
As night steals o'er the glory
Of spring's transparent skies;

Wake, in thy scorn and beauty,
And listen to the strain
That murmurs my devotion,
That mourns for thy disdain.

Here, by thy door at midnight,
I pass the dreary hour,
With plaintive sounds profaning
The silence of thy bower;

A tale of sorrow cherished
Too fondly to depart,
Of wrong from love the flatterer
And my own wayward heart.

* From the Spanish.

Twice, o'er this vale, the seasons
Have brought and borne away
The January tempest,
The genial wind of May;

Yet still my plaint is uttered,
My tears and sighs are given
To earth's unconscious waters,
And wandering winds of heaven.

I saw, from this fair region,
The smile of summer pass,
And myriad frost-stars glitter
Among the russet grass.

While winter seized the streamlets
That fled along the ground,
And fast in chains of crystal
The truant murmurers bound.

I saw that to the forest
The nightingales had flown,
And every sweet-voiced fountain
Had hushed its silver tone.

The maniac winds, divorcing
The turtle from his mate,
Raved through the leafy beeches,
And left them desolate.

Now May, with life and music,
The blooming valley fills,
And rears her flowery arches
For all the little rills.

The minstrel bird of evening
Comes back on joyous wings,
And, like the harp's soft murmur,
Is heard the gush of springs.

And deep within the forest
Are wedded turtles seen,
Their nuptial chambers seeking,
Their chambers close and green.

The rugged trees are mingling
Their flowery sprays in love;
The ivy climbs the laurel,
To clasp the boughs above.

They change—but thou, Lisena,
Art cold while I complain:
Why to thy lover only
Should spring return in vain?

“New York Mirror,” February, 1834.

SONG.*

ALEXIS calls me cruel:
The rifted crags that hold
The gathered ice of winter,
He says, are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms
Around the fountain's brim,
And forest-walks, can witness
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame,
And tell him how I love him,
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

* From the Spanish of Iglesias.

If man come not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage;
They cannot seek his hand.

"New York Mirror," July, 1835.

THE COUNT OF GREIERS.*

AT morn the Count of Greiers before his castle
 stands;
 He sees afar the glory that lights the mountain-lands;
 The hornèd crags are shining, and in the shade between
 A pleasant Alpine valley lies beautifully green.

“Oh, greenest of the valleys, how shall I come to thee!
 Thy herdsmen and thy maidens, how happy must they
 be!

I have gazed upon thee coldly, all lovely as thou art,
 But the wish to walk thy pastures now stirs my
 inmost heart.”

He hears a sound of timbrels, and suddenly appear
 A troop of ruddy damsels and herdsmen drawing near:
 They reach the castle greensward, and gayly dance
 across;
 The white sleeves flit and glimmer, the wreaths and
 ribbons toss.

* From the German of Uhland.

The youngest of the maidens, slim as a spray of spring,
 She takes the young count's fingers, and draws him to
 the ring;
 They fling upon his forehead a crown of mountain
 flowers,
 "And ho, young Count of Greiers! this morning thou
 art ours!"

Then hand in hand departing, with dance and roundelay,
 Through hamlet after hamlet, they lead the Count
 away.
 They dance through wood and meadow, they dance
 across the linn,
 Till the mighty Alpine summits have shut the music in.

The second morn is risen, and now the third is come;
 Where stays the Count of Greiers? has he forgot his
 home?
 Again the evening closes, in thick and sultry air;
 There's thunder on the mountains, the storm is gathering
 there.

The cloud has shed its waters, the brook comes swollen
 down;
 You see it by the lightning—a river wide and brown.
 Around a struggling swimmer the eddies dash and
 roar,
 Till, seizing on a willow, he leaps upon the shore.

"Here am I cast by tempests far from your mountain-
dell.

Amid our evening dances the bursting deluge fell.
Ye all, in cots and caverns, have 'scaped the water-
spout,
While me alone the tempest o'erwhelmed and hurried
out.

"Farewell, with thy glad dwellers, green vale among
the rocks!

Farewell the swift sweet moments, in which I watched
thy flocks!

Why rocked they not my cradle in that delicious spot,
That garden of the happy, where Heaven endures me
not?

"Rose of the Alpine valley! I feel, in every vein,
Thy soft touch on my fingers; oh, press them not
again!

Bewitch me not, ye garlands, to tread that upward
track,

And thou, my cheerless mansion, receive thy master
back."

"New York Mirror," January, 1836.

A NORTHERN LEGEND.*

THERE sits a lovely maiden,
The ocean murmuring nigh;
She throws the hook, and watches;
The fishes pass it by.

A ring, with a red jewel,
Is sparkling on her hand;
Upon the hook she binds it,
And flings it from the land.

Uprises from the water
A hand like ivory fair.
What gleams upon its finger?
The golden ring is there.

Uprises from the bottom
A young and handsome knight;
In golden scales he rises,
That glitter in the light.

* From the German of Uhland.

The maid is pale with terror—
“Nay, Knight of Ocean, nay,
It was not thou I wanted;
Let go the ring, I pray.”

“Ah, maiden, not to fishes
The bait of gold is thrown;
Thy ring shall never leave me,
And thou must be my own.”

New York, 1842.

“Graham's Magazine,” January, 1843.

THE PARADISE OF TEARS.*

BESIDE the River of Tears, with branches low,
And bitter leaves, the weeping willows grow ;
The branches stream like the dishevelled hair
Of women in the sadness of despair.

On rolls the stream with a perpetual sigh ;
The rocks moan wildly as it passes by ;
Hyssop and wormwood border all the strand,
And not a flower adorns the dreary land.

Then comes a child, whose face is like the sun,
And dips the gloomy waters as they run,
And waters all the region, and behold
The ground is bright with blossoms manifold.

Where fall the tears of love the rose appears,
And where the ground is bright with friendship's tears,
Forget-me-not, and violets, heavenly blue,
Spring, glittering with the cheerful drops like dew.

* From the German of N. Müller.

The souls of mourners, all whose tears are dried,
Like swans, come gently floating down the tide,
Walk up the golden sands by which it flows,
And in that Paradise of Tears repose.

There every heart rejoins its kindred heart;
There, in a long embrace that none may part,
Fulfilment meets desire, and that fair shore
Beholds its dwellers happy evermore.

New York, 1843.

"Graham's Magazine," 1843.

THE LADY OF CASTLE WINDECK.*

REIN in thy snorting charger!
That stag but cheats thy sight;
He is luring thee on to Windeck,
With his seeming fear and flight.

Now, where the mouldering turrets
Of the outer gate arise,
The knight gazed over the ruins
Where the stag was lost to his eyes.

The sun shone hot above him;
The castle was still as death;
He wiped the sweat from his forehead,
With a deep and weary breath.

"Who now will bring me a beaker
Of the rich old wine that here,
In the choked-up vaults of Windeck,
Has lain for many a year?"

* From the German of Chamisso.

The careless words had scarcely
Time from his lips to fall,
When the lady of Castle Windeck
Came round the ivy-wall.

He saw the glorious maiden
In her snow-white drapery stand,
The bunch of keys at her girdle,
The beaker high in her hand.

He quaffed that rich old vintage;
With an eager lip he quaffed;
But he took into his bosom
A fire with the grateful draught.

Her eyes' unfathomed brightness!
The flowing gold of her hair!
He folded his hands in homage,
And murmured a lover's prayer.

She gave him a look of pity,
A gentle look of pain;
And, quickly as he had seen her,
She 'passed from his sight again.

And ever, from that moment,
He haunted the ruins there,
A sleepless, restless wanderer,
A watcher with despair.

Ghost-like and pale he wandered,
With a dreamy, haggard eye;
He seemed not one of the living,
And yet he could not die.

'Tis said that the lady met him,
When many years had past,
And kissing his lips, released him
From the burden of life at last.

"Graham's Magazine," June, 1850.

THE LOST BIRD.*

MY bird has flown away,
Far out of sight has flown, I know not where.
Look in your lawn, I pray,
Ye maidens, kind and fair,
And see if my beloved bird be there.

His eyes are full of light;
The eagle of the rock has such an eye;
And plumes, exceeding bright,
Round his smooth temples lie,
And sweet his voice and tender as a sigh.

Look where the grass is gay
With summer blossoms, haply there he cowers;
And search, from spray to spray,
The leafy laurel-bowers,
For well he loves the laurels and the flowers.

* From the Spanish of Carolina Coronado de Perry.

Find him, but do not dwell,
 With eyes too fond, on the fair form you see,
 Nor love his song too well;
 Send him, at once, to me,
 Or leave him to the air and liberty.

For only from my hand
 He takes the seed into his golden beak,
 And all unwiped shall stand
 The tears that wet my cheek,
 Till I have found the wanderer I seek.

My sight is darkened o'er,
 Whene'er I miss his eyes, which are my day,
 And when I hear no more
 The music of his lay,
 My heart in utter sadness faints away.

Madrid, 1857.

"New York Ledger," 1858.

THE RUINS OF ITALICA.*

I.

FABIUS, this region, desolate and drear,
 These solitary fields, this shapeless mound,
 Were once Italica, the far renowned;
 For Scipio, the mighty, planted here
 His conquering colony, and now, o'erthrown,
 Lie its once-dreaded walls of massive stone,
 Sad relics, sad and vain,
 Of those invincible men
 Who held the region then.
 Funereal memories alone remain
 Where forms of high example walked of yore.
 Here lay the forum, there arose the fane—
 The eye beholds their places, and no more.
 Their proud gymnasium and their sumptuous baths,
 Resolved to dust and cinders, strew the paths;
 Their towers, that looked defiance at the sky,
 Fallen by their own vast weight, in fragments lie.

* From the Spanish of Rioja.

II

I

The images there were the last-~~where~~ ~~shown~~
 I standing with white dresses and hair
 The eyes in vision as walls were lined at
 night.

It was a large house where Time
 And the great hall ~~showed~~ a stage that shows
 The ~~production~~ ~~story~~ and its ~~many~~ ~~close~~
 Why found the ~~house~~ ~~in~~
 Showed the ~~resembling~~ ~~rows~~
 Where the ~~great~~ ~~people~~ ~~at~~

With ~~where~~ ~~are~~ ~~last~~ ~~but~~ ~~where~~ ~~the~~ ~~conclusion~~
 With the ~~last~~ ~~where~~ ~~the~~ ~~strong~~ ~~where~~ ~~where~~
 All ~~last~~ ~~separated~~ ~~from~~ ~~this~~ ~~last~~ ~~for~~ ~~house~~
 Of ~~many~~ ~~rows~~ ~~and~~ ~~silence~~ ~~holds~~ ~~the~~ ~~at~~
 The ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~last~~ ~~Time~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~is~~ ~~in~~ ~~house~~
 A ~~separation~~ ~~is~~ ~~last~~ ~~is~~ ~~those~~ ~~if~~ ~~the~~
 As ~~separately~~ ~~I~~ ~~find~~ ~~there~~ ~~some~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~
 From ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~ ~~and~~ ~~visiting~~ ~~the~~

III

The ~~whole~~ ~~is~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~pride~~ ~~of~~ ~~Spain~~
 The ~~country's~~ ~~father~~ ~~here~~ ~~was~~ ~~born~~
 Of ~~the~~ ~~triumphant~~ ~~to~~ ~~whose~~ ~~reign~~
~~triumphed~~ ~~the~~ ~~far~~ ~~regions~~ ~~where~~ ~~the~~ ~~men~~
 From ~~from~~ ~~her~~ ~~cradle~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~shore~~ ~~whose~~ ~~steeps~~
 Overlooked the conquered Gaditanian deeps.

Of mighty Adrian here,
 Of Theodosius, saint,
 Of Silius, Virgil's peer,
 Were rocked the cradles, rich with gold, and
 quaint
 With ivory carvings; here were laurel-boughs
 And sprays of jasmine gathered for their brows,
 From gardens now a marshy, thorny waste.
 Where rose the palace, reared for Cæsar, yawn
 Foul rifts to which the scudding lizards haste.
 Palaces, gardens, Cæsars, all are gone,
 And even the stones their names were graven on.

IV.

Fabius, if tears prevent thee not, survey
 The long-dismantled streets, so thronged of old,
 The broken marbles, arches in decay,
 Proud statues, toppled from their place and rolled
 In dust, when Nemesis, the avenger, came,
 And buried, in forgetfulness profound,
 The owners and their fame.
 Thus Troy, I deem, must be,
 With many a mouldering mound;
 And thou, whose name alone remains to thee,
 Rome, of old gods and kings the native ground;
 And thou, sage Athens, built by Pallas, whom
 Just laws redeemed not from the appointed doom.

The envy of earth's cities once wert thou—
 A weary solitude and ashes now!
 For Fate and Death respect ye not; they strike
 The mighty city and the wise alike.

v.

But why goes forth the wandering thought to frame
 New themes of sorrow, sought in distant lands?
 Enough the example that before me stands;
 For here are smoke-wreaths seen, and glimmering flame,
 And hoarse lamentings on the breezes die;
 So doth the mighty ruin cast its spell
 On those who near it dwell.
 And under night's still sky,
 As awe-struck peasants tell,
 A melancholy voice is heard to cry,
 "Italica is fallen!" the echoes then
 Mournfully shout "Italica" again.
 The leafy alleys of the forest nigh
 Murmur "Italica," and all around,
 A troop of mighty shadows, at the sound
 Of that illustrious name, repeat the call,
 "Italica!" from ruined tower and wall.

Madrid, 1857.

"Thirty Poems," 1863.

THE ORDER OF NATURE.*

THOU who wouldst read, with an undarkened eye,
 The laws by which the Thunderer bears sway,
 Look at the stars that keep, in yonder sky,
 Unbroken peace from Nature's earliest day.

The great sun, as he guides his fiery car,
 Strikes not the cold moon in his rapid sweep;
 The Bear, that sees star setting after star
 In the blue brine, descends not to the deep.

The star of eve still leads the hour of dews;
 Duly the day-star ushers in the light;
 With kindly alternations Love renews
 The eternal courses bringing day and night.

Love drives away the brawler War, and keeps
 The realm and host of stars beyond his reach;
 In one long calm the general concord steeps
 The elements, and tempers each to each.

* From Boethius de Consolatione.

The moist gives place benignly to the dry ;
 Heat ratifies a faithful league with cold ;
 The nimble flame springs upward to the sky ;
 Down sinks by its own weight the sluggish
 mould.

Still sweet with blossoms is the year's fresh prime ;
 Her harvests still the ripening Summer yields ;
 Fruit-laden Autumn follows in his time,
 And rainy Winter waters still the fields.

The elemental harmony brings forth
 And rears all life, and, when life's term is o'er,
 It sweeps the breathing myriads from the earth,
 And whelms and hides them to be seen no
 more :

While the Great Founder, he who gave these
 laws,
 Holds the firm reins and sits amid his skies
 Monarch and Master, Origin and Cause.
 And Arbiter supremely just and wise.

He guides the force he gave ; his hand restrains
 And curbs it to the circle it must trace :
 Else the fair fabric which his power sustains
 Would fall to fragments in the void of space.

Love binds the parts together, gladly still
They court the kind restraint nor would be free;
Unless Love held them subject to the Will
That gave them being, they would cease to be.

Roslyn, 1866 (?).

Edition of 1871.

Appendix.

UNPUBLISHED OR UNCOLLECTED POEMS
OF
VARIOUS DATES.

LOVE'S POWER.*

THUS all that live—swift fishes—painted birds—
 The desert's ravenous tribes—the harmless herds—
 And prouder man—obey the powerful call,—
 And Love's almighty frenzy masters all!
 The lioness, to wilder fury stung,
 Then terribly walks forth, and leaves her young;—
 With bloodier ravages the shapeless bear
 Pollutes his woods;—the tiger leaves his lair,
 In fury stalks;—fiercer rushes forth the boar;—
 Woe, then, to him that walks the Lybian shore!—
 Mark how the well-known gales the steed inflame,
 And shoot a shivering thrill through all his frame.
 Him, as with sudden bound he bursts away,
 Nor curb nor lash, ravines nor rocks delay,
 Nor rivers interposed, whose torrents sweep
 The uprooted mountains downward to the deep.

Great Barrington, 1817.

* From the Latin.

SPAIN.

A YE, wear the chain—ye who for once have known
The sweets of freedom—yet could crouch again
In blind and trembling worship of a throne;
Aye wear—for ye are worthy—wear the chain
And bow, till ye are weary, to the yoke
Your patriot fathers broke.

Degenerate Spaniards! let the priestly band
Possess your realm again; and let them wake
The fires of pious murder in your land,
And drag your best and bravest to the stake,
And tread down truth, and in the dungeon bind
The dreaded strength of mind.

Give up the promise of bright days that cast
A glory on your nation from afar;
Call back the darkness of the ages past
To quench that holy dawn's new-risen star;
Let only tyrants and their slaves be found
Alive on Spanish ground.

Yet mark! ye cast the gift of heaven away,
And your best blood for this shall yet be shed;
The fire shall waste your borders, and the way
Be covered with its heaps of festering dead,
And vultures of the cliff on every plain
Feast high upon the slain.

The spirit that of yore had slept so long,
Then woke, and drove the Moors to Afric's shore,
Lives, and repressed, shall rise one day more strong—
Rise and redeem your shackled race once more,
And crush, mid showers of blood and shrieks and
groans,
Mitres and stars and thrones.

Great Barrington, 1822.

THE SHARPENING OF THE SABRE.*

BURNING thoughts within me call
For the good old brand I wore;
Hand the sabre from the wall—
Let me try its weight once more.
Bring the sharpening-stone to me,
Sharp must now my sabre be.

Sabre, thou didst look so dull,
Under dust and spider-net!
Ah, thou shalt be beautiful,
With the blood of foemen wet!
Turn, boy, turn the stone for me,
Sharper must my sabre be.

Come and fill this faithful hand,
Be again my own true sword,
Till the lost, lost Fatherland
Shall be rescued and restored.
Turn, boy, turn the stone for me,
Sharper must my sabre be.

* From the German. Author unknown.

For the sacred German realm,
For our honor trodden low,
Sabre! strike, through shield and helm,
One good blow, a mighty blow.
Turn, boy, turn the stone for me,
Sharper must my sabre be.

Brothers, win the banner back!
We must earn the death of men;
Brothers, win the banner back!
I shall die contented then.
Turn, boy, turn the stone for me,
Sharper must my sabre be.

Heard I not, before the door,
Peal the trumpet's thrilling blast?
Heard I not the cannon's roar?
Ah, 'twas but the storm that passed!
Turn, boy, turn the stone for me,
Sharp must now my sabre be.

New York, 1836.

"Evening Post," July, 1836.



I THINK OF THEE.*

I THINK of thee when the strong rays of noon
Flash from the sea;
When the clear fountains glimmer in the moon,
I think of thee.

I see thee when along the distant way
The dust-clouds creep,
And in the night, when trembling travellers stray
By chasm and steep.

I hear thee when the tides go murmuring soft
To the calm air;
In lone and stilly woods I listen oft,
And here thee there.

I am with thee—I know thou art afar,
Yet dream thee near;
The sun goes down; star brightens after star;
Would thou wert here!

New York, 1840.

"Godey's Lady's Book," January, 1844.

* From the German of Goethe.

THE SAW-MILL.*

I N yonder mill I rested,
And sat me down to look
Upon the wheel's quick glimmer,
And on the flowing brook.

As in a dream before me,
The saw, with restless play,
Was cleaving through a fir-tree
Its long and steady way.

The tree through all its fibres
With living motion stirred,
And, in a dirge-like murmur,
These solemn words I heard :

Oh, thou who wanderest hither,
A timely guest thou art !
For thee, this cruel engine
Is passing through my heart.

* From the German of Kerner.

When soon, in earth's still bosom,
Thy hours of rest begin,
This wood shall form the chamber
Whose walls shall close thee in.

Four planks—I saw and shuddered—
Dropped in that busy mill;
Then, as I tried to answer,
At once the wheel was still.

"Graham's Magazine," February, 1850.

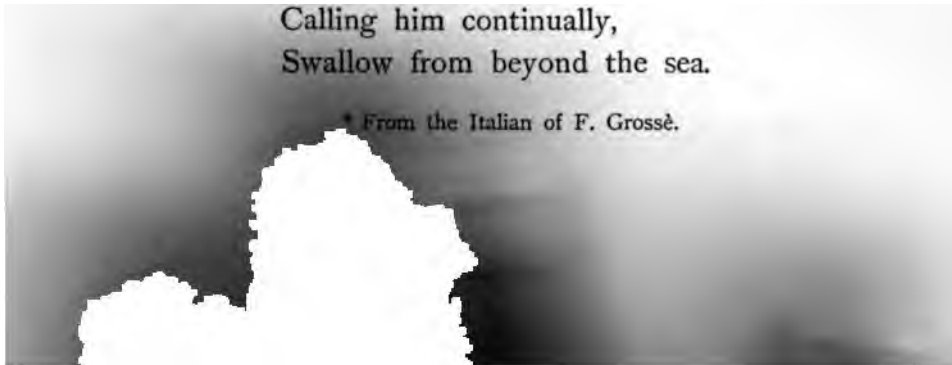
THE SWALLOW.*

SWALLOW from beyond the sea!
That, with every dawn again,
Sitting on the balcony,
Utterest that plaintive strain!
What is that thou tellest me?
Swallow from beyond the sea.

Haply thou, for him who went
From thee, and forgot his mate,
Dost lament to my lament,
Widowed, lonely, desolate.
Ever, then, lament with me,
Swallow from beyond the sea.

Happier yet art thou than I.
Thee thy trusty wings may bear,
Over lake and cliff to fly,
Filling with thy cries the air,
Calling him continually,
Swallow from beyond the sea.

* From the Italian of F. Grossè.



Could I, too!—but I must pine
 In this narrow vault and low;
 Where the sun can never shine,
 Where the breeze can never blow;
 Where my voice scarce reaches thee,
 Swallow from beyond the sea.

Now September days are near,
 Thou to distant shores wilt fly;
 In another hemisphere,
 Other streams shall hear thy cry;
 Other hills shall answer thee,
 Swallow from beyond the sea.

Then shall I, when daylight glows,
 Waking to the sense of pain,
 Midst the wintry frosts and snows,
 Think I hear thy notes again,—
 Notes that seem to grieve for me,
 Swallow from beyond the sea.

Planted here, upon the ground,
 Thou shalt find a cross in spring.
 There, as evening gathers round,
 Swallow, come and rest thy wing.
 Chant a strain of peace to me,
 Swallow from beyond the sea.

Naples, February 8, 1858.

THE OLD-WORLD SPARROW.

WE hear the note of a stranger bird
That ne'er till now in our land was heard ;
A wingèd settler has taken his place
With Teutons and men of the Celtic race ;
He has followed their path to our hemisphere—
The Old-World sparrow at last is here.

He meets not here, as beyond the main,
The fowler's snare and the poisoned grain,
But snug-built homes on the friendly tree ;
And crumbs for his chirping family
Are strewn when the winter fields are drear,
For the Old-World sparrow is welcome here.

The insect legions that sting our fruit,
And strip the leaves from the growing shoot—
A swarming, skulking, ravenous tribe,
Which Harris and Flint so well describe
But cannot destroy—may quail with fear,
For the Old-World sparrow, their bane, is here.

The apricot, in the summer ray,
 May ripen now on the loaded spray,
 And the nectarine, by the garden walk,
 Keep firm its hold on the parent stalk,
 And the plum its fragrant fruitage rear,
 For the Old-World sparrow, their friend, is here.

That pest of gardens, the little Turk
 Who signs, with the crescent, his wicked work,
 And causes the half-grown fruit to fall,
 Shall be seized and swallowed, in spite of all
 His sly devices of cunning and fear,
 For the Old-World sparrow, his foe, is here.

And the army-worm, and the Hessian fly,
 And the dreaded canker-worm shall die,
 And the thrip and slug and fruit-moth seek,
 In vain, to' escape that busy beak,
 And fairer harvests shall crown the year,
 For the Old-World sparrow at last is here.

Roslyn, 1859.

CIVIL WAR.*

HA! whither rush ye? to what deeds of guilt?
 Why lift the sword again?
 Has not enough of Latian blood been spilt
 To purple land and main?

Not with proud Carthage war ye now, to set
 Her turrets in a blaze;
 Nor fight to lead the Briton, tameless yet,
 Chained on the public ways.

But that our country, at the Parthian's prayer,
 May perish self-o'erthrown.
 The wolf and lion war not thus; they spare
 Their kindred each his own.

What moves ye thus? blind fury, heaven's decree,
 Or restless guilt? Reply!—
 They answer not; upon their faces, see,
 Paleness and horror lie!

* From Horace, Epode VII.

Fate and the wrong against a brother wrought
 Have caused that deadly rage.
 The blood of unoffending Remus brought
 This curse upon our age.

New York, 1861.

THE SONG SPARROW.

BIRD of the door-side, warbling clear,
In the sprouting or fading year!
Well art thou named from thy own sweet lay,
Piped from paling or naked spray,
As the smile of the sun breaks through
Chill gray clouds that curtain the blue.

Even when February bleak
Smites with his sleet the traveller's cheek,
While the air has no touch of spring,
Bird of promise! we hear thee sing.
Long ere the first blossom wakes,
Long ere the earliest leaf-bud breaks.

April passes and May steals by;
June leads in the sultry July;
Sweet are the wood-notes, loud and sweet,
Poured from the robin's and hang-bird's seat;
Thou, as the green months glide away,
Singing with them as gayly as they.

August comes, and the melon and maize
Bask and swell in a fiery blaze ;
Swallows gather, and, southward bound,
Wheel, like a whirl-blast, round and round ;
Thrush and robin their songs forget ;
Thou art cheerfully warbling yet.

Later still, when the sumach spray
Reddens to crimson, day by day ;
When in the orchard, one by one,
Apples drop in the ripening sun,
They who pile them beneath the trees
Hear thy lay in the autumn breeze.

Comes November, sullen and grim,
Spangling with frost the rivulet's brim,
Harsh, hoarse winds from the woodlands tear
Each brown leaf that is clinging there.
Still thou singest, amid the blast,
"Soon is the dreariest season past."

Only when Christmas snow-storms make
Smooth white levels of river and lake,
Sifting the light flakes all day long,
Only then do we miss thy song ;
Sure to hear it again when soon
Climbs the sun to a higher noon.

Now, when tidings that make men pale—
Tidings of slaughter—load the gale ;
While, from the distant camp, there come
Boom of cannon and roll of drum,
Still thou singest, beside my door,
“Soon is the stormiest season o’er.”

Ever thus sing cheerfully on,
Bird of Hope! as in ages gone ;
Sing of spring-time and summer-shades,
Autumn’s pomp when the summer fades,
Storms that fly from the conquering sun,
Peace by enduring valor won.

Roslyn, August, 1861.

“The William’s Magazine.”

THE BETTER AGE.

WHEN, after days of dreary rain, a space
Of clear, soft blue, between the parting clouds,
Opens on the drenched fields and dripping woods,
The tillers of the soil are glad, and say
The storm is overpast. For well they know
That in this clear blue spot begins the reign
Of sunshine. Broader shall the opening grow,
As through the throng of clouds the western wind
Goes forth, a conqueror, and scatters them
And sweeps them from the glorious cope of heaven.

Thus in the works of mercy that engage
The minds and hands of thousands, we behold
Signs of a blessed future. They who watch
Beside the sick-beds of the poor, who seek
And lead the erring back to the right way,
And heal the wounded spirit with the balm
Of pity, and hold back the cruel hand
That smites the helpless; they whose labors win
The outcast hater of his kind to feel
The power of goodness and shed penitent tears,

Are God's elected agents to bring in
The better age. With gladness and with thanks
We number mercy's triumphs, and our hopes
Go forward to the train of glorious years,
When all the clouds of strife, that darken earth
And hide the face of heaven, shall roll away,
And, like a calm, sweet sunshine, love and peace
Shall light the dreariest walks of human life.

Roslyn, 1862.

A TALE OF CLOUDLAND.*

IF thou art one who in thy early years
 Wert wont to gaze delighted on the clouds,
 High-piled and floating on the silent wind,—
 If then the wish arose within thy heart
 To sit on those white banks of down, and thence
 To look on the green earth and glittering streams,—
 If thou didst wonder who they were that walked
 Those shining hills of heaven and dwelt within
 The palaces that flamed so gloriously
 With gold and crimson in the setting sun,—
 To thee, and such as thou, may I not tell
 This tale of cloudland in our father's time.

Beneath the soft rays of the westering sun
 A matron and a damsel sat and watched
 The trains of cloud that touched the neighboring steeps
 And slid from cliff to cliff. The elder dame
 Was of majestic mien, with calm, dark eyes,

* A fragment.

That seemed to read the inmost thoughts of those
On whom they looked. "It should not be," she
said.

"I grieve that Hubert thus should leave the walks
Of daily duty for these wanderings
Among the mountain mists. Plead as thou wilt,
Life has its cares, my daughter, graver cares,
That may not be put by." Then Mary spoke—
A budding beauty, with soft hazel eyes,
And glossy chestnut hair whose wandering curls
The sunshine turned to gold. "Nay, blame him
not,

For not in vain he walks the mountain height,
Where the clouds cling and linger. Pleasant 'tis
To hear him, sitting in our porch at eve,
When all the meadow grounds within this vale
Twinkle with fire-flies, tell what he has seen
From his high perch—I know not how—the march
Of armies, and their meeting in the shock
Of battle, and the couriers posting forth
To the four winds with news of victory,
Won by the yeoman's arm."

"Yet seest thou not,"

Rejoined the stately lady Isabel,
"That Hubert's fitter place were in the ranks
Of those brave men, that, led by Washington,
Defy the hosts of Britain?" "It were well,"
Said Mary, "that he too should bear his part

In this great war of freedom ; yet, I pray,
Think what he is—a dreamer from his birth.
Ever, apart from the resorts of men,
He roamed the pathless woods, and hearkened long
To winds that brought into their silent depths
The nearness of the mountain water-falls.
What should he do in battle ?” Then she said,
Gathering fresh boldness in her brother’s cause,
“Think how, since he began to wander forth
Among the mountain-peaks, the region round
Has had the kindest seasons. Never drought
Embrowns the grassy fields, nor jagged hail
Tears tender leaf and flower ; cloud-shadows make
A screen against the burning sunshine poured
Too freely from the August sky, and showers
Drop gently at due times. All summer long
Sleep the luxuriant meadows, and keep full
The clear fresh springs and gurgling rivulets ;
The early and late frosts surprise not here
The husbandman, but when the air grows sharp,
Soft vapors rise, beneath whose friendly veil
The green blood of the herbage curdles not
To ice ; the winds of winter toss no more
The deep snow into heaps, but softly fall
The flakes, a kindly covering for the earth
With all its sleeping germs, till April suns
Melt it to crystal for the merry brooks.
Mother, the herdsmen of our vale owe thanks

To Hubert for the wealth that crowns the year,
And I have seen—"

The maiden checked her speech,
For the calm eyes of Isabel were turned
Full on her own; that grave look startled her.
"Speak on," the matron said. "What hast thou seen?"

"It was but yesterday," the maid replied,
"A white low-lying cloud swam gently in,
Touching our mountain pastures where they meet
The rocky woods above them. Hubert stepped
From its thick folds, and as they rolled away
I plainly saw a chariot cushioned deep
With sides that seemed of down, and skirt-like wings
On which they nestled. One fair form within
Was seated, flinging from the finger tips
Of her white hands a thousand kind adieus
To Hubert where he stood. It was as though
A pearly cloud had taken human shape;
I saw the round white arms; a coronet
Of twinkling points, like sparks of sunshine, bound
Her forehead, and a gauzy scarf, whose tint
Was of the spring heaven's softest, tenderest blue,
Streamed from her shoulder. As I looked, the form
Took fainter outlines, and the twinkling points
Around her brow grew paler, till at length
I only saw a cloud-wreath, floating off
On the slow wind; yet must I now believe

That Hubert holds communion in strange sort
 With creatures of the upper element,
 Whose dwelling is the cloud, who guide the shower
 From vale to vale, and shed the snows, and fling
 The lightnings? Therefore, said I, that our vale
 Owes thanks to Hubert for its genial skies."

Here spake the matron. "Art thou then become,"
 She said, "a dreamer as thy brother is?
 Think not that he who moulded in his hand
 The globe, and filled the chambers of the sky
 With the ever-flowing air, hath need to use
 The ministries thou speakest of. He looks
 Upon these vapory curtains of the earth,
 And so they darken into drifts of rain
 Or whiten into snow. His thunders, launched
 From the remotest West, ere thou canst speak
 Are quivering at the portals of the East.
 The winds blow softly where he bids, or rise
 In fury, tearing from their hold in earth
 The helpless oaks and twisting the huge pines
 In twain, and flinging them among the clouds.
 Nay, speak more reverently, and leave to God
 His thunders."

"Reverently," the maid replied,
 "I ever speak of him whose hand I see
 In all the motions of the elements.
 Yet hath he living agents, so our faith

Hath taught us: messengers that do his will
 Among the unconscious nations—such as led
 The Hebrew from the Cities of the Plain,
 When heaven rained fire upon their guilty roofs;
 And haply is there blame if we should deem
 That in the middle air abides a race
 Thoughtful and kind, who at His bidding roll
 The clouds together, measuring out to man
 The rains and dews, and tempering the hot noon,
 With shadow chasing shadow o'er the vale?"

The matron pondered as the maiden urged
 Her plea, and then was silent for a while.
 But Mary spoke again. "Look, mother, look!
 How gloriously about the sinking sun
 The flamy clouds are gathered! Lofty towers
 Rise from those purple streets. Who looks abroad
 From their high battlements? Behold where moves
 A long procession of the shining ones,
 Tall kings and stately queens with sweeping trains,
 Warriors in glittering mail, and cardinals
 In scarlet robes, and bearded counsellors,
 Thin-haired with age, and light-limbed followers,
 And mingled with the diadems I see
 Helm, mitre, and tiara, while above
 Rise spear, and mace, and crosses, and broad sheets
 Of banner floating in the rosy air.
 Oh, never was on earth a pageant seen

So gorgeous, furnished from her richest ores,
 And beds of jewels, and the subtlest looms
 That weave the silk-worm's thread in lustrous webs.
 For all are pale beside the glory born
 Of these bright vapors round the setting sun.
 There is no sight so fair this side of heaven."

The stately matron heard, and looked, and smiled.
 "Thus doth thy fancy cheat thy willing eye,"
 She said. "The freakish wind among the mists
 Moulds them as sculptors mould the yielding clay,
 Fashioning them to thousand antic shapes
 Beneath the evening blaze. Thy ready thought
 Couples their outline, and bestows the forms
 That rise in thine own mind. Thou shouldst have
 lived

When, on his canvas, Paul the Veronese
 Laid his magnificent throngs of goodly men
 And glorious ladies in their rich attire.
 Thou shouldst have been his pupil. Yet behold,
 Even while we speak the sunset glory fades,
 And the clouds settle into purple bars
 Athwart the depths of that transparent sky
 Through which the day withdraws. A chilly breath
 Comes up from the moist meadows. Let us hence."

Then rose the pair and took the homeward path;
 And from the windows of their dwelling saw

The night come down upon their vale, and heard
The heavy rushing of her wind among
The neighboring maples, mingled with the brawl
Of mountain-brooks, while from the thicket near
The whippoorwill sent forth his liquid note,
Piercing that steady murmur. As the shades
Grew deeper, Isabel and Mary knelt
To say their evening prayer, and by their side
Knelt Hubert, for the simple reverence taught
In childhood kept its hold upon his heart.
They prayed the Merciful to guide and shield
And pardon—then withdrew, with kindly words
Of parting, each to rest. A rising mist
Meantime had quenched the stars, and o'er the earth
Shower after shower, with gentle beating, ran,
As if a fairy chase were in the air,
And myriads of little footsteps tapped
The roof above the household. Mary slept
To the soft sounds, and dreamed. The glorious throng
Which her quick fancy pictured in the clouds
Of sunset had laid by their bright attire—
Such was her dream—and now in trailing robes,
Sad colored, and in hoods of sober gray,
Went drifting through the air and beckoning up
The troops of mist from lake and rivulet,
And leading through mid-sky the shadowy train,
And pointing where to halt in deep array
Above the expectant fields and shed the rain.

So wore the night away. The murmuring showers
Lengthened the slumbers in that mountain lodge,
Until, as morn drew near, the parting clouds
Opened a field in the clear eastern sky,
In which the day-star glittered, and the dawn
Glowed on the horizon's edge. On either side
They ranged themselves to catch the earliest beams,
Scarlet or golden, of the approaching sun ;
As when within a city's crowded streets
The gathered multitude divide and leave
Large space to let some glorious monarch pass.

.
Roslyn, 1862.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.*

“**B**UT there is yet a region of the clouds
 Unseen from the low earth. Beyond the veil
 Of these dark volumes rolling through the sky,
 Its mountain summits glisten in the sun,—
 The realm of Castles in the Air. The foot
 Of man hath never trod those shining streets;
 But there his spirit, leaving the dull load
 Of bodily organs, wanders with delight,
 And builds its structures of the impalpable mist,
 Glorious beyond the dream of architect,
 And populous with forms of nobler mould
 Than ever walked the earth.”

So said my guide,
 And led me, wondering, to a headland height
 That overlooked a fair broad vale shut in
 By the great hills of Cloudland. “Now behold
 The Castle-builders!” Then I looked; and, lo!
 The vale was filled with shadowy forms, that bore
 Each a white wand, with which they touched the banks

* From an unpublished poem.

Of mist beside them, and at once arose,
 Obedient to their wish, the walls and domes
 Of stately palaces, Gothic or Greek,
 Or such as in the land of Mohammed
 Uplift the crescent, or, in forms more strange,
 Border the ancient Indus, or behold
 Their gilded friezes mirrored in the lakes
 Of China—yet of ampler majesty,
 And gorgeously adorned. Tall porticos
 Sprang from the ground; the eye pursued afar
 Their colonnades, that lessened to a point
 In the faint distance. Portals that swung back
 On musical hinges showed the eye within
 Vast halls with golden floors, and bright alcoves,
 And walls of pearl, and sapphire vault besprent
 With silver stars. Within the spacious rooms
 Were banquets spread; and menials, beautiful
 As wood-nymphs or as stripling Mercuries,
 Ran to and fro, and laid the chalices,
 And brought the brimming wine-jars. Enters now
 The happy architect, and wanders on
 From room to room, and glories in his work.

Not long his glorying: for a chill north wind
 Breathes through the structure, and the massive walls
 Are folded up; the proud domes roll away
 In mist-wreaths; pinnacle and turret lean
 Forward, like birds prepared for flight, and stream,

In trains of vapor, through the empty air.
Meantime the astonished builder, dispossessed,
Stands 'mid the drifting rack. A brief despair
Seizes him; but the wand is in his hand,
And soon he turns him to his task again.
"Behold," said the fair being at my side,
"How one has made himself a diadem
Out of the bright skirts of a cloud that lay
Steeped in the golden sunshine, and has bound
The bauble on his forehead! See, again,
How from these vapors he calls up a host
With arms and banners! A great multitude
Gather and bow before him with bare heads.
To the four winds his messengers go forth,
And bring him back earth's homage. From the ground
Another calls a wingèd image, such
As poets give to Fame, who, to her mouth
Putting a silver trumpet, blows abroad
A loud, harmonious summons to the world,
And all the listening nations shout his name.
Another yet, apart from all the rest,
Casting a fearful glance from side to side,
Touches the ground by stealth. Beneath his wand
A glittering pile grows up, ingots and bars
Of massive gold, and coins on which earth's kings
Have stamped their symbols." As these words were
said,
The north wind blew again across the vale,

And, lo! the beamy crown flew off in mist;
 The host of armed men became a scud
 Torn by the angry blast; the form of Fame
 Tossed its long arms in air, and rode the wind,
 A jagged cloud; the glittering pile of gold
 Grew pale and flowed in a gray reek away.
 Then there were sobs and tears from those whose
 work

The wind had scattered; some had flung themselves
 Upon the ground in grief; and some stood fixed
 In blank bewilderment; and some looked on
 Unmoved, as at a pageant of the stage
 Suddenly hidden by the curtain's fall.

“Take thou this wand,” my bright companion
 said.

I took it from her hand, and with it touched
 The knolls of snow-white mist, and they grew green
 With soft, thick herbage. At another touch
 A brook leaped forth, and dashed and sparkled by;
 And shady walks through shrubberies cool and
 close

Wandered; and where, upon the open grounds,
 The peaceful sunshine lay, a vineyard nursed
 Its pouting clusters; and from boughs that drooped
 Beneath their load an orchard shed its fruit;
 And gardens, set with many a pleasant herb
 And many a glorious flower, made sweet the air.

I looked, and I exulted; yet I longed
 For Nature's grander aspects, and I plied
 The slender rod again; and then arose
 Woods tall and wide, of odorous pine and fir,
 And every noble tree that casts the leaf
 In autumn. Paths that wound between their stems
 Led through the solemn shade to twilight glens,
 To thundering torrents and white waterfalls,
 And edge of lonely lakes, and chasms between
 The mountain-cliffs. Above the trees were seen
 Gray pinnacles and walls of splintered rock.

But near the forest margin, in the vale,
 Nestled a dwelling half embowered by trees,
 Where, through the open window, shelves were
 seen
 Filled with old volumes, and a glimpse was given
 Of canvas, here and there along the walls,
 On which the hands of mighty men of art
 Had flung their fancies. On the portico
 Old friends, with smiling faces and frank eyes,
 Talked with each other: some had passed from life
 Long since, yet dearly were remembered still.
 My heart yearned toward them, and the quick, warm
 tears
 Stood in my eyes. Forward I sprang to grasp
 The hands that once so kindly met my own,—
 I sprang, but met them not: the withering wind

Was there before me. Dwelling, field, and brook,
Dark wood, and flowery garden, and blue lake,
And beetling cliff, and noble human forms,
All, all had melted into that pale sea
Of billowy vapor rolling round my feet.

Roslyn, 1862.

"Atlantic Monthly," January, 1866.

FIFTY YEARS.*

LONG since a gallant youthful company
 Went from these learned shades. The hand of
 Time
 Hath scored, upon the perishing works of man,
 The years of half a century since that day.
 Forth to the world they went in hope, but some
 Fell at the threshold, some in mid-career
 Sank down, and some who bring their frosty brows,
 A living register of change, are here,
 And from the spot where once they coned the words
 Written by sages of the elder time
 Look back on fifty years.

Large space are they
 Of man's brief life, those fifty years; they join
 Its ruddy morning to the paler light
 Of its declining hours. In fifty years
 As many generations of earth's flowers
 Have sweetened the soft air of spring, and died.

* For the fiftieth anniversary of the class of Williams College which was graduated in 1813.

As many harvests have, in turn, made green
 The hills, and ripened into gold, and fallen
 Before the sickle's edge. The sapling tree
 Which then was planted stands a shaggy trunk,
 Moss-grown, the centre of a mighty shade.
 In fifty years the pasture grounds have oft
 Renewed their herds and flocks, and from the stalls
 New races of the generous steed have neighed
 Or pranced in the smooth roads.

In fifty years

Ancestral crowns have dropped from kingly brows
 For clownish heels to crush; new dynasties
 Have climbed to empire, and new commonwealths
 Have formed and fallen again to wreck, like clouds
 Which the wind tears and scatters. Mighty names
 Have blazed upon the world and passed away,
 Their lustre lessening, like the faded train
 Of a receding comet. Fifty years
 Have given the mariner to outstrip the wind
 With engines churning the black deep to foam,
 And tamed the nimble lightnings, sending them
 On messages for man, and forced the sun
 To limn for man upon the snowy sheet
 Whate'er he shines upon, and taught the art
 To vex the pale dull clay beneath our feet
 With chemic tortures, till the sullen mass
 Flows in bright torrents from the furnace-mouth,
 A shining metal, to be clay no more.

Oh, were our growth in goodness like our growth
In art, the thousand years of innocence
And peace, foretold by ancient prophecy,
Were here already, and the reign of Sin
Were ended o'er the earth on which we dwell.

In fifty years, the little commonwealth,
Our league of States, that, in its early day,
Skirted the long Atlantic coast, has grown
To a vast empire, filled with populous towns
Beside its midland rivers, and beyond
The snowy peaks that bound its midland plains
To where its rivulets, over sands of gold,
Seek the Pacific—till at length it stood
Great 'mid the greatest of the Powers of Earth,
And they who sat upon Earth's ancient thrones
Beheld its growth in wonder and in awe.
In fifty years, a deadlier foe than they—
The Wrong that scoffs at human brotherhood
And holds the lash o'er millions—has become
So mighty and so insolent in its might
That now it springs to fix on Liberty
The death-gripe, and o'erturn the glorious realm
Her children founded here. Fierce is the strife,
As when of old the sinning angels strove
To overwhelm, beneath the uprooted hills of heaven,
The warriors of the Lord. Yet now, as then,
God and the Right shall give the victory

For us, who fifty years ago went forth
Upon the world's great theatre, may we
Yet see the day of triumph, which the hours
On steady wing waft hither from the depths
Of a serener future; may we yet,
Beneath the reign of a new peace, behold
The shaken pillars of our commonwealth
Stand readjusted in their ancient poise,
And the great crime of which our strife was born
Perish with its accursèd progeny.

Roslyn, 1863.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.*

BIRD of the joyous season !
That, from thy flowery seat,
Dost teach the forest singers
Thy music to repeat.

Thou wooer of the morning,
That, to this wood withdrawn,
Dost serenade the daybreak,
Dost celebrate the dawn.

Soul of this lonely region,
That hearest me lament,
My days in sighing wasted,
My nights in weeping spent.

Chief lyrist of the woodland,
And poet of the spring !
That well art skilled in sorrow,
And well of love canst sing.

* From *Las Auroras de Diana*. By Pedro de Castroy Anaya.

Go where my lady loosens
 Her bright hair to the wind,
 Held in a single fillet,
 Or floating unconfined.

The beautiful and cruel,
 Whose steps, where'er they pass,
 Tread down more hearts of lovers
 Than lilies in the grass.

Sweet nightingale, accost her,
 And, in thy tenderest strain,
 Say Silvio loves thee: Cruel!
 Why lov'st thou not again?

Then tell of all I suffer,
 How well have loved and long,
 And counsel her to pity,
 And tax her scorn with wrong.

My gentle Secretary!
 If harshly then she speak,
 Rebuke her anger, striking
 Her red lips with thy beak.

Drink from her breath the fragrance
 Of all the blooming year,
 And bring me back the answer
 For which I linger here.

February, 1864.

A LEGEND OF ST. MARTIN.

SHREWD was the good St. Martin ; he was famed
 For sly expedients and devices quaint ;
 And autumn's latest sunny days are named
 St. Martin's summer from the genial saint.
 Large were his charities ; one winter day
 He saw a half-clad beggar in the way,
 And stopped and said : " Well met, my friend, well
 met ;
 That nose of thine, I see, is quite too blue."
 With that his trenchant sword he drew—
 For he was in the service yet—
 And cut his military cloak in two ;
 And with a pleasant laugh
 He bade the shivering rogue take half.

On one of the great roads of France
 Two travellers were journeying on a day.
 The saint drew near, as if by chance,
 And joined them, walking the same way.
 A shabby pair in truth were they,

For one was meanly covetous, and one
 An envious wretch—so doth the legend run.
 Yet courteously they greeted him, and talked
 Of current topics; for example, whether
 There would be war, and what to-morrow's weather,
 Cheating the weary furlongs as they walked.

And when the eventide drew near
 Thus spoke the saint: "We part to-night;
 I am St. Martin, and I give you here
 The means to make your fortunes, used aright;
 Let one of you think what will please him best,
 And freely ask what I will freely give.
 And he who asks not shall from me receive
 Twice what the other gains by his request;
 And now I take my leave."

He spoke, and left the astonished men
 Delighted with his words; but then
 The question rose, which of that lucky pair
 Should speak the wish and take the smaller share.
 Each begged the other not to heed
 The promptings of a selfish greed,
 But frame at once, since he so well knew how,
 The amplest, fullest wish that words allow.

"Dear comrade, act a princely part;
 Lay every sordid thought aside;
 Show thyself generous as thou art;
 Take counsel of thy own large heart,
 And nobly for our common good provide."

But neither prayers nor flatteries availed ;
 They passed from these to threats, and threats too
 failed.

Thus went the pleadings on, until at last
 The covetous man, his very blood on fire,
 Flew at his fellow's throat and clenched it fast,
 And shrieked : " Die, then, or do what I require ;
 Die, strangled like a dog." That taunt awoke
 A fierce anger in his envious mate,
 And merged the thirst of gain in bitter hate ;
 And with a half-choked voice he spoke,
 Dissembling his malign intent,
 " Take off thy hand and I consent."
 The grasp was loosened, and he raised a shout,
 " I wish that one of my own eyes were out."
 The wish was gratified as soon as heard.
 St. Martin punctually kept his word.
 The envious man was one-eyed from that day,
 The other blind for his whole life remained.
 And this was all the good that either gained
 From the saint's offer in the public way.

Roslyn, 1865.

THE WORDS OF THE KORAN.*

EMIR HASSAN, of the prophet's race,
Asked with folded hands the Almighty's grace.
Then within the banquet-hall he sat
At his meal upon the embroidered mat.

There a slave before him placed the food,
Spilling from the charger, as he stood,
Awkwardly, upon the Emir's breast,
Drops that foully stained the silken vest.

To the floor, in great remorse and dread,
Fell the slave, and thus beseeching said:
"Master! they who hasten to restrain
Rising wrath, in Paradise shall reign."

Gentle was the answer Hassan gave:
"I'm not angry." "Yet," pursued the slave,
"Yet doth higher recompense belong
To the injured who forgives a wrong."

* From the German of Zedlitz.

"I forgive," said Hassan. "Yet we read,"
Thus the prostrate slave went on to plead,
"That a higher place in glory still
Waits the man who renders good for ill."

"Slave, receive thy freedom, and behold
In thy hands I lay a purse of gold;
Let me never fail to heed in aught
What the prophet of our God hath taught."

November, 1865.

THE POET'S FIRST SONG*

ALREADY had I traveled
 Over half the globe's wide home:
 The tongues of other nations
 I knew them like my own.

And great men called me brother
 In many a distant land.
 And many a mighty monarch
 In greeting gave his hand.

Amid Pompeii's ruins
 Amid the Swiss's snows,
 And by the mounds of Egypt,
 And where La Plata flows,

I ~~stood~~ and sang my verses;
 And what the poet said
 Thrilled through the hearts of thousands,
 By eager thousands read.

* From the German of Horwald.

A star upon my bosom,
A heaven within, I came
All conscious of the glory
That gathered round my name—

Came from afar to visit
The little mound of earth
Where stood my father's cottage,
The vale that saw my birth.

And now from the last hill-top,
The boundary-stone beside,
O'er that small shady valley
I cast a look of pride.

And, glorying in my fortunes,
I said, I thank thee, Fate,
I who went forth so humble,
That I come back so great.

Then up the hill came toiling
A woman faint and pale,
And with two lovely children
Sat looking down the vale.

And soon I heard her singing
A simple little lay—
A strain that moved me strangely,
Though why I could not say.

So timidly I asked her
 Whence came that simple rhyme;
"From happy days," she answered,
 "A long-remembered time."

"On parting with the maiden,
 A youth composed the song."—
Ah, then I knew the verses,—
 My first—forgotten long.

And eagerly I questioned,
 "Who gave the song to thee?"
She blushed. "No mortal knoweth,"
 She said, "save only me."

"Thou art the poet's Mary?"
 Her silence owned it true.
"But whither went the poet?"
 "Ah, that I never knew."

"Hast heard of him no further?"
 "No, never since that day."
"Wrote he no other verses?"
 "In truth, I cannot say."

"His name?" "Nay, gentle stranger,
 Ask not the name he bore;
Perhaps I, too, may know him,
 But me he knows no more."

"Yet once again, I pray thee,
 Sing that sweet melody."
 "Not now. My husband yonder
 Waits for my babes and me."

She spoke, and then descended
 To join him where he stood;
 Upon his arm he took her,
 And led the little brood.

Here stood a mighty poet,
 His name by thousands known;
 But in his native valley
 To one and one alone.

And lost in sadder musings
 Than when he went away,
 Surrendered all his honors
 To that forgotten lay.

Roslyn, November, 1873.

"The Mayflower," April, 1876.

THE ASCENSION.*

GOOD Shepherd, wilt thou leave
 In this low vale the flock that was thy care
 Alone to pine and grieve,
 While through the purer air
 Thou risest up to fields forever fair?

They who, supremely blest,
 Until the dawn of this unhappy day
 Leaned on thy loving breast,
 To whom on earth shall they
 Harken or look when thou art far away?

What comeliness or grace
 Can they whose eyes beheld thy beauty see
 In other form or face?
 What music will not be
 Harsh to the ears that hearkened once to thee?

* From the Spanish of Luis Ponce de Leon.

Who now upon the deep
Shall look, and curb its fury? Who shall lay
The stormy winds asleep?
What lode-star's friendly ray,
When thine is hid, shall guide the vessel's way?

Why change our happy state,
O envious cloud! to helplessness and fear?
How proud of their rich freight
Thy shining folds appear!
How blind and wretched thou dost leave us here!

New York, December, 1875.

"Independent," 1875.

THE MYSTERY OF FLOWERS.

NOT idly do I stray
 At prime, where far the mountain ridges run,
 And note, along my way,
 Each flower that opens in the early sun ;
 Or gather blossoms by the valley's spring,
 When the sun sets and dancing insects sing.

Each has her moral rede,
 Each of the gentle family of flowers ;
 And I with patient heed,
 Oft spell their lessons in my graver hours.
 The faintest streak that on a petal lies,
 May speak instruction to initiate eyes.

Cummington, 1840.

And well do poets teach
 Each blossom's charming mystery ; declare,
 In clear melodious speech,
 The silent admonitions pencilled there ;
 And from the Love of Beauty, aptly taught,
 Lead to a higher good, the willing thought.

Roslyn, 1875.

THE DEAD PATRIARCH.

OLD Tree! thy branches, fifty years ago,
Thick set with spray and leaf, and widely spread,
Made a faint twilight on the ground below,
And never-ending murmurs overhead.

But now unheard the winds go wandering by;
From thy dead stem the boughs have dropped away;
And on its summit, perched in middle sky,
The clear-eyed hawk sits watching for his prey.

Henceforth, the softening rain and rending blast,
Summer's fierce heat, and winter's splintering cold,
Shall slowly waste thee, till thou lie at last
On the damp earth, a heap of yellow mould.

Thou wert a sapling once, with delicate sprays,
And from that mould another sapling tree
May rise and flourish, in the coming days,
When none who dwell on earth remember thee.

Roslyn, April, 1876.

A SONNET.

to ———.

YOUTH, whose ingenuous nature, just and kind,
Looks from that gentle eye, that open brow,
Wilt thou be ever thus, in heart and mind,
As guileless and as merciful as now?
Behold this streamlet, whose sweet waters wind
Among green knolls unbroken by the plough,
Where wild-flowers woo the bee and wild-birds find
Safe nests and secret in the cedar bough.
This stream must reach the sea, and then no more
Its purity and peaceful mood shall keep,
But change to bitter brine, and madly roar
Among the breakers there, and toss and leap,
And dash the helpless bark against the shore,
And whelm the drowning seamen in the deep.

Roslyn, November, 1876.

THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.*

ON this fair valley's grassy breast
The calm, sweet rays of summer rest,
And dove-like peace divinely broods
On its smooth lawns and solemn woods.

A century since, in flame and smoke,
The storm of battle o'er it broke ;
And ere the invader turned and fled,
These pleasant fields were strown with dead.

Stark, quick to act and bold to dare,
And Warner's mountain band were there ;
And Allen, who had flung the pen
Aside to lead the Berkshire men.

With fiery onset—blow on blow—
They rushed upon the embattled foe,
And swept his squadrons from the vale,
Like leaves before the autumn gale.

* Written for the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Bennington,
August 16, 1877.

Oh! never may the purple stain
Of combat blot these fields again,
Nor this fair valley ever cease
To wear the placid smile of peace.

But we, beside this battle-field,
Will plight the vow that ere we yield
The right for which our fathers bled,
Our blood shall steep the ground we tread.

And men shall hold the memory dear
Of those who fought for freedom here,
And guard the heritage they won
While these green hill-sides feel the sun.

August, 1877.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

SLEEP, Motley! with the great of ancient days,
 Who wrote for all the years that yet shall be;
 Sleep with Herodotus, whose name and praise
 Have reached the isles of earth's remotest sea;
 Sleep, while, defiant of the slow decays
 Of time, thy glorious writings speak for thee,
 And in the answering heart of millions raise
 The generous zeal for Right and Liberty.
 And should the day o'ertake us when, at last,
 The silence that, ere yet a human pen
 Had traced the slenderest record of the past—
 Hushed the primeval languages of men—
 Upon our English tongue its spell shall cast,
 Thy memory shall perish only then.

New York, September, 1877.

"International Review," September, 1877.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

PALE is the February sky,
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!
By snow-clad fell and frozen field,
Broadening, the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,
And rends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face,
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

New York, February, 1878.

"Sunday School Times."

CERVANTES.*

AS o'er the laughter-moving page
 Thy readers, oh, Cervantes, bend,
 What shouts of mirth, through age on age,
 From every clime of earth ascend!

For not in thy fair Spain alone,
 But in the sunny tropic isles,
 And far, to either frozen zone,
 Thy memory lives embalmed in smiles.

Dark woods, when thou didst hold the pen,
 Clothed this great land from sea to sea,
 Where millions of the sons of men
 Now take delight in honoring thee.

To thy renown the centuries bring
 No shadow of a coming night.
 The keen, bright shafts which thou didst fling
 At folly still are keen and bright.

* Written for a celebration by the Spanish residents of New York, in honor of Cervantes, April 23, 1878, the anniversary of his death.

FABLES.*

THE ELM AND THE VINE.

“U PHOLD my feeble branches
 By thy strong arms, I pray.”
 Thus to the Elm her neighbor
 The Vine was heard to say.
 “Else, lying low and helpless,
 A wretched lot is mine,
 Crawled o’er by every reptile,
 And browsed by hungry kine.”
 The Elm was moved to pity.
 Then spoke the generous tree:
 “My hapless friend, come hither,
 And find support in me.”
 The kindly Elm, receiving
 The grateful Vine’s embrace,
 Became, with that adornment,
 The garden’s pride and grace;

* From the Spanish of José Rosas, a Mexican poet.

Became the chosen covert
 In which the wild-bird's sing;
 Became the love of shepherds,
 And glory of the spring.

Oh, beautiful example
 For youthful minds to heed!
 The good we do to others
 Shall never miss its need.
 The love of those whose sorrows
 We lighten shall be ours;
 And o'er the path we walk in
 That love shall scatter flowers.

THE DONKEY AND THE MOCKING-BIRD.

A MOCK-BIRD in a village
 Had somehow gained the skill
 To imitate the voices
 Of animals at will.

And, singing in his prison
 Once at the close of day,
 He gave with great precision
 The donkey's heavy bray.

Well pleased, the mock-bird's master
Sent to the neighbors round,
And bade them come together
To hear that curious sound.

They came, and all were talking
In praise of what they heard,
And one delighted lady
Would fain have bought the bird.

A donkey listened sadly,
And said: "Confess I must,
That these are stupid people,
And terribly unjust.

"I'm bigger than the mock-bird,
And better bray than he,
Yet not a soul has uttered
A word in praise of me."

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE BUTTERFLY.

(Selected.)

"GOOD-MORROW, friend." So spoke, upon a day,
A caterpillar to a butterfly.
The winged creature looked another way,
And made this proud reply:

"No friend of worms am I."
 The insulted caterpillar heard,
 And answered thus the taunting word:
 "And what wert thou, I pray,
 Ere God bestowed on thee that brave array?
 Why treat the caterpillar tribe with scorn?
 Art thou, then, nobly born?
 What art thou, madam, at the best?
 A caterpillar elegantly dressed."

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A DEXTROUS spider chose
 The delicate blossom of a garden rose
 Whereon to plant and bind
 The net he framed to take the insect kind.
 And when his task was done,
 Proud of the cunning lines his art had spun,
 He said: "I take my stand
 Close by my work, and watch what I have planned.
 And now, if Heaven should bless
 My labors with but moderate success,
 No fly shall pass this way,
 Nor gnat, but they shall fall an easy prey."
 He spoke, when from the sky
 A strong wind swooped, and whirling, hurried by,
 And, far before the blast,
 Rose, leaf, and web, and plans and hopes were cast.

THE DIAL AND THE SUN.

A DIAL, looking from a stately tower,
While from his cloudless path in heaven the Sun
Shone on its disk, as hour succeeded hour,
Faithfully marked their flight till day was done.

Fair was that gilded disk, but when at last
Night brought the shadowy hours 'twixt eve and prime,
No longer that fair disk, for those who passed,
Measured and marked the silent flight of time.

The human mind, on which no hallowed light
Shines from the sphere beyond the starry train,
Is like the Dial's gilded disk at night,
Whose cunning tracery exists in vain.

THE WOODMAN AND SANDAL-TREE.

BESIDE a sandal-tree a woodman stood
And swung the axe, and while its blows were laid
Upon the fragrant trunk, the generous wood
With its own sweet perfumed the cruel blade.
Go, then, and do the like. A soul endued
With light from heaven, a nature pure and great,
Will place its highest bliss in doing good,
And good for evil give, and love for hate.

THE HIDDEN RILL.

Across a pleasant field a rill unseen
Glides from a fountain, nor does aught betray
Its presence, save a tint of lovelier green,
And flowers that scent the air along its way.
Thus silently should charity attend
Those who in want's drear chambers pine and grieve;
No token should reveal the aid we lend,
Save the glad looks our welcome visits leave.

THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT.

A SERPENT watched an eagle gain,
On soaring wings, a mountain height,
And envied him, and crawled with pain
To where he saw the bird alight.
So fickle fortune oftentimes
Befriends the cunning and the base,
And many a grovelling reptile climbs
Up to the eagle's lofty place.

THE COST OF A PLEASURE.

UPON the valley's lap
The liberal morning throws
A thousand drops of dew
To wake a single rose.

Thus often, in the course
Of life's few fleeting years,
A single pleasure costs
The soul a thousand tears.



Notes to Volume Second.



NOTES.

"THE MAY SUN SHEDS AN AMBER LIGHT." Page 24.

Suggested by the death, in 1847, of the poet's venerable mother.—EDITOR.

"THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE." Page 28.

These lines were inspired by the death of a young woman of New York, whose life had been one of singular devotion to works of charity.—EDITOR.

"THE TWENTY-SEVENTH OF MARCH." Page 44.

The birthday of Mrs. Bryant.—EDITOR.

"THE RIVER, BY NIGHT." Page 53.

This poem, though dated at Naples, was begun in New York. It doubtless refers to the Hudson River.—EDITOR.

"THE LIFE THAT IS." Page 64.

This piece, and the one preceding it, called "A Sick-Bed," was written, the latter during the illness, and the former after the recovery, of the poet's wife, who contracted a dangerous fever at Naples. It will be recognized as a companion to "The Future Life" of Volume First, page 280.—EDITOR.

"SELLA." Page 101.

Sella is the name given by the Vulgate to one of the wives of Lamech, mentioned in the fourth chapter of the Book of Genesis, and called Zillah in the common English version of the Bible.—AUTHOR.

"The meaning of the name is Shadow, and in choosing it the poet seems to have had no reference to the Biblical fact, but to the significance of the name, since he was telling of a creature who had the form without the substance of human kind. The story naturally suggests Fouqué's "Undine," and is in some respects a complement to that lovely romance. Undine is a water-nymph without a soul, who gains one only by marrying a human being, and, in marrying, tastes of the sorrows of life. Sella is of the human race, gifted with a soul, but having a longing for life among the water-nymphs. That life withdraws her from the troubles and cares of the world, and she loses more and more her interest in them; when at last she is rudely cut off from sharing in the water-nymphs' life—is awakened, as it were, from a dream of beauty—she returns to the world after a brief struggle, mingles with it, and makes the knowledge gained among the water-nymphs minister to the needs of men.

"The story must not be probed too ingeniously for its moral; it is an exquisite fairy tale, but, like many of such tales, it involves a gentle parable, which has been hinted at above. If a more explicit interpretation is desired, we may say that the passion for ideals, gradually withdrawing one from human sympathy, is made finally to ennobles and lift real life. The poet has not localized the poem nor given it a specific time, but left himself and the reader free by using the large terms of nature and human life, and referring the action to the early, formative period of the world."—From "American Poems." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1880.

"THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW." Page 121.

"In this tender fancy, Bryant has treated the personality of the Snow with a kinder, more sympathetic touch than poets have been wont to give it. With many the cruelty of cold or its treacherous nature is most significant. Hans Christian Andersen, for example, in the story of 'The Ice Maiden,' has taken a similar theme; but has emphasized the seductive treachery of the Spirit of Cold. Here Bryant has given the true fairy, innocent of evil purpose, yet inflicting grievous wrong through its nature; sorrowing over the dead Eva, but without the remorse of human beings. The time of the story is placed in legendary antiquity by the exclusion of historic times in lines 35-41, and the antiquity is still more positively affirmed by the lines at the close accounting for our not now seeing the Little People of the Snow. The children had asked for a fairy tale, and it is made more real by being placed at so ethereal a distance."—From "American Poems," before quoted.

Neither this piece nor "Sella" was ever offered to any periodical.—EDITOR.

"THE PATH." Page 138.

Soon after the purchase of his country home at Roslyn, Mr. Bryant began to construct paths through the wood near by with his own hands. He labored on them for a long time, generally in the company of Mrs. Bryant, to whom, when they were finished, these lines were addressed.—EDITOR.

"MY AUTUMN WALK." Page 148, line 3.

"The mock-grape's blood-red banner," etc.

Ampelopsis, mock-grape. I have here literally translated the botanical name of the Virginia creeper—an appellation too cumbrous for verse.—AUTHOR.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN." Page 151.

Written, at the request of the Committee of Arrangements, when the body of the murdered President was carried in funeral procession through the city of New York, April, 1865.—EDITOR.

"THE DEATH OF SLAVERY." Page 152.

It is remarkable that this is the only poem of Mr. Bryant's referring directly to the curse of slavery, against which he had written in prose, with great animation and energy, all through the years from 1836 to 1864, the date of Lincoln's decree of emancipation. All our other poets of eminence—Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, etc.—had made it a frequent theme of verse, but Mr. Bryant only this once; and it is difficult to account for his abstention. Perhaps he was so immersed in the fierce political passions of the conflict that he feared lest he might drag his Muse into expressions unbecoming her delicacy and refinement.—EDITOR.

"OCTOBER, 1866." Page 156.

Mrs. Bryant died July 27, 1866, and this poem formed the conclusion of a long and careful narrative of her life, written in the course of the next summer for the benefit of her two daughters—her only children. In this private memoir Mr. Bryant remarks that he never

wrote a line of verse without reading it to her, and never printed it without having first obtained her approval. The references to her in his poems are many, and readers who are interested in the subject will find them in "Oh, Fairest of the Rural Maids," "A Summer Ramble," "The Future Life," "A Dream," "The Snow-Shower," "The Twenty-seventh of March," "A Sick-Bed," "The Life that Is," "The Cloud in the Way," "The Path," "May Evening," and "A Lifetime." After the death of Mrs. Bryant, the memory of her loss was ever in the poet's mind; and when, in 1873—seven years later—he was about to leave his home for a visit to the South, he wrote the lines,

"The morn hath not the glory that it wore,"

to be found in his biography.—EDITOR.

"A BRIGHTER DAY." Page 159.

This poem was written shortly after the author's return from a visit to Spain, and more than a twelvemonth before the overthrow of the tyrannical government of Queen Isabella and the expulsion of the Bourbons. It is not "from the Spanish" in the ordinary sense of the phrase, but is an attempt to put into a poetic form sentiments and hopes which the author frequently heard, during his visit to Spain, from the lips of the natives. We are yet to see whether these expectations of an enlightened government and national liberty are to become a reality under the new order of things.—AUTHOR.

"AMONG THE TREES." Page 162.

Mr. Bryant, like most poets, was too much absorbed in the actual processes of Nature to give much heed to the systems in which the reflective intellect condenses its thoughts of her life, and calls Philosophy; but he has in this poem expressed the results of that profound philosophic speculation which, beginning in modern times with Leibnitz and ending with Lotze, ascribes consciousness to all the existences of the natural world as the only real and intelligible ground of its various harmonies. A great French thinker of these times, Charles Renouvier, if I mistake not, adopts the same view.—EDITOR.

"TREE-BURIAL." Page 171.

Originally printed under the Greek name of "Dendrotaphia."—
EDITOR.

"THE FLOOD OF YEARS." Page 188.

A gentleman, who had been sorely bereaved, was so struck by the unquestioning faith in immortality breathed through the closing lines of this poem, that he wrote to Mr. Bryant to ask if they expressed his real convictions. Mr. Bryant at once replied in the following note:

"CUMMINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS, *August 10, 1876.*

"DEAR SIR: Certainly I believe all that is said in the lines you have quoted: otherwise I could not have written them. I believe in the everlasting life of the soul; and it seems to me that immortality would be but an imperfect gift without the recognition in the life to come of those who are dear to us here.

Yours truly,

W. C. BRYANT."

—EDITOR.

"A LIFETIME." Page 194.

This was not the latest written of the author's poems, but, as it is a review of his whole life, I have thought it a fitting close to the series of original poems by which he was chiefly known.—EDITOR.

THE BOOK OF HYMNS. Page 201.

Mr. Bryant began to write hymns when he was a mere child, and he continued the practice throughout his life.

"Devotion," he said, in the preface to a little book, called "Helps to Devout Living," compiled by his friend Miss J. Dewey, "is no exception to those emotions which love to express themselves in verse. When to words aptly chosen is added the charm of measure and rhyme, and these are wedded to musical modulation, the highest and most moving expression of devotional feeling is attained. Wordsworth, in one of his prefaces, referring, I think, to Pope's 'Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard,' remarks that by the power of verse Pope has contrived to render the plainest common-sense interesting, and frequently to invest it with the appearance of passion. It is thus with devotional poetry—the want of novelty in the thought is often compensated by the melody of the versification, which lifts it out of the level of commonplace, and deepens the impression made by it on the mind.

"What Dr. Johnson said of devotional poetry—that it is always unsatisfactory, and that no man has written it well—has often been refuted by example

since his time. In fact, it was sufficiently refuted before in the sacred songs of the Hebrews, and in the grand hymn which Milton puts into the mouths of our first parents while yet in paradise as they stood at the door of their bower in the glory of the morning. I might instance also as a proof of its fallacy the magnificent hymn with which Thompson closes his poem of 'The Seasons'—magnificent in spite of its blemishes. The hymn before sunrise in the 'Valley of Chamouni,' by Coleridge, one of the noblest poems in our language or any other, needs only to be mentioned in order to show how great was Johnson's mistake. A greater number of shorter poems, designed to be sung in religious assemblies, of such decided merit as to show the perfect compatibility of poetry and worship, have been written since Johnson's time, and incorporated into our collections of hymns, such as that of Cowper, beginning with—

" 'God moves in a mysterious way' ;

that of Sir Walter Scott, with this initial line :

" 'When Israel, of the Lord beloved' ;

that of Mrs. Adams, beginning with—

" 'Nearer, my God, to thee ;

the Christmas hymn of Rev. Dr. Sears, and others, of which we might make up a list quite too long for the limits of this preface. Of late the attention of a large class of readers has been turned to devotional poetry, and numerous collections have been made to satisfy the demand for it—some by authorized committees of religious denominations, and others by laymen on their own account. Some of these have had a wide circulation. I do not include the Hebrew melodies of Byron in this enumeration, since they can scarcely be called devotional. Some of Moore's sacred songs may ; and these are as well done as most of his other verses. But there is Keble, who has written largely, and little else than poetry of a religious character ; and who, if not always fervent, is always earnest and simple, and attains a certain classic dignity. The hymns of the Wesleys are of a warmer cast, and some of them have great literary merit, although Charles Wesley often yielded to his facility in composition and diluted his verse too freely. That his hymns were frequently thrown off in moments of devotional enthusiasm is attested by their effect upon those who hear them sung at camp-meetings, when the throng of singers seems to catch inspiration from the words of the poet. To this stock of original poetry may be added the translations, which have appeared within a few years, of the fine old mediæval hymns in Latin, well deserving by their simple grandeur to be domesticated in our language."

In 1868 Mr. Bryant printed, without publishing, a small volume of hymns, which is reproduced in the same order in this collection ; but a few others, since printed, have been added to them, with the dates,

as far as they could be ascertained. As to the occasions on which the earlier pieces were written, he wrote to the Rev. A. P. Putnam, November 15, 1873, as follows :

" As to the occasion of writing these hymns, the first in my small collection was composed for some ordination of a minister, and so was the second ; but I have forgotten when or where or whom. The third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth were written at the instance of Miss Sedgwick, about fifty years since, for a collection made by Henry D. Sewall for Mr. William Ware's church in New York. The ninth was written for an ordination somewhere in England, but I have forgotten where, after a lapse of, I think, thirty years. The tenth was written for Mr. Waterston, on the occasion of dedicating his church in Boston. The eleventh is another occasional hymn, written at the request of a friend—Mr. Hiram Barney—for the dedication of a church—the Church, I think, of the Pilgrims. The twelfth was composed for a Foreign Mission anniversary. The thirteenth was written for James Lombard, of Utica, and included in a collection at the end of a school liturgy, which he, a Unitarian, compiled in 1859. The fourteenth, entitled ' The Mother's Hymn,' was written, at Dr. Osgood's suggestion, in 1861-'62, and included by him in his liturgy. The remaining five in the small collection were written for the purpose of being included in it."

That was all he could recollect in regard to them.—EDITOR.

" DANAË." Page 245.

The penultimate stanza read originally as follows :

" Yet thou, didst thou but know thy fate,
Wouldst melt, my tears to see ;
And I, methinks, would weep the less,
Wouldst thou but weep with me." —EDITOR.

" MARY MAGDALEN." Page 248.

Several learned divines, with much appearance of reason, in particular Dr. Lardner, have maintained that the common notion respecting the dissolute life of Mary Magdalen is erroneous, and that she was always a person of excellent character. Charles Taylor, the editor of " Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible," takes the same view of the subject.

The verses of the Spanish poet here translated refer to the " woman

who had been a sinner," mentioned in the seventh chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and who is commonly confounded with Mary Magdalen.—AUTHOR.

"LOVE AND FOLLY." Page 252.

This is rather an imitation than a translation of the graceful French fabulist.—AUTHOR.

"THE RIVULET." Page 263.

Las Auroras de Diana, in which the original of these lines is contained, is, notwithstanding it was praised by Lope de Vega, one of the worst of the old Spanish romances, being a tissue of riddles and affectations, with now and then a little poem of considerable beauty.—AUTHOR.

"THE LOST BIRD." Page 281.

The literature of Spain at the present day has this peculiarity, that female writers have, in considerable number, entered into competition with the other sex. One of the most remarkable of these, as a writer of both prose and poetry, is Carolina Coronado de Perry, the author of the little poem here given. The poetical literature of Spain has felt the influence of the female mind in the infusion of a certain delicacy and tenderness, and the more frequent choice of subjects which interest the domestic affections. Concerning the verses of the lady already mentioned, Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch, one of the most accomplished Spanish critics of the present day, and himself a successful dramatic writer, says :

"If Carolina Coronado had, through modesty, sent her productions from Estremadura to Madrid under the name of a person of the other sex, it would still have been difficult for intelligent readers to persuade themselves that they were written by a man, or at least, considering their graceful sweetness, purity of tone, simplicity of conception, brevity of development, and delicate and particular choice of subject, we should be constrained to attribute them to one yet in his early youth, whom the imagination would represent as ingenuous, innocent, and gay, who had scarce ever wandered beyond the flowery grove or pleasant valley where his cradle was rocked, and where he has been lulled to sleep by the sweetest songs of Francisca de la Torre, Garcilaso, and Melendez." —AUTHOR (abridged).

"THE RUINS OF ITALICA." Page 283.

The poems of the Spanish author, Francisco de Rioja, who lived in the first half of the seventeenth century, are few in number, but much esteemed. His ode on the Ruins of Italica is one of the most admired of these; but, in the only collection of his poems which I have seen, it is said that the concluding stanza, in the original copy, was deemed so little worthy of the rest that it was purposely omitted in the publication. Italica was a city founded by the Romans in the south of Spain, the remains of which are still an object of interest.—AUTHOR.

During a visit to Spain in 1867, Mr. Bryant went to see the ruins which the Spanish poet has celebrated. They are three or four miles from Seville. "The principal sight," he says in his Diary, "is the remains of an amphitheatre, the entrance to which consists of great fragments of masonry lying about in disorder, twelve feet or more high, overhanging, with vast gaps between. The rows of seats are within considerably defaced by time; but the subterranean passages though in places fallen in, are more perfect. The arena is much changed by fragments from the edifices, and covered with vegetation, where a plant, like a small marigold, with yellow flowers, predominates."—EDITOR.

"THE OLD-WORLD SPARROW." Page 303.

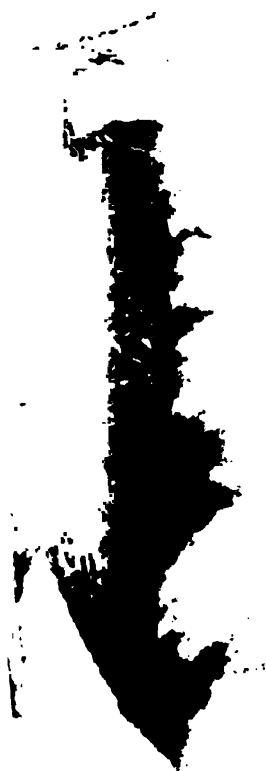
I hope I have not said too much for the sparrow. The multiplication of insects in this country within a few years past has occasioned the loss of many kinds of fruits, and the introduction of a bird which propagates in vast numbers, and feeds on almost every kind of insect, is a remedy which promises more than any other that I know of. In Great Britain, the house-sparrow—*Fringilla domestica*—is by most farmers regarded as a pest as mischievous as the most noxious vermin, and is pursued and destroyed as remorselessly by traps and poisons as rats and mice. Yet some naturalists believe that they do as much good by destroying weeds and insects as harm by destroying crops and fruits. It is certain that the insect pests which make such havoc among our fruits do comparatively little mischief in Great Britain, probably, as it seems to me, because of the war carried on against them by the multitudes of sparrows.—AUTHOR.

"A TALE OF CLOUDLAND." Page 312.

I should not have ventured to retain this imperfect fragment but for the fact that it seems to me to possess a great deal of biographic interest. It was written, at the same time as "Sella" and "The Little People of the Snow"—during our civil war—as a mode of escape for the poet from the pressure and agitation of those terrible times. The piece that follows "Castles in the Air" was evidently intended to be a part of the larger poem.—EDITOR.

THE END.

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